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The Bear Sydney, Goodbye Australia... on into the Pacific Ocean... first dip in the swimming pool, first meal really at sea...



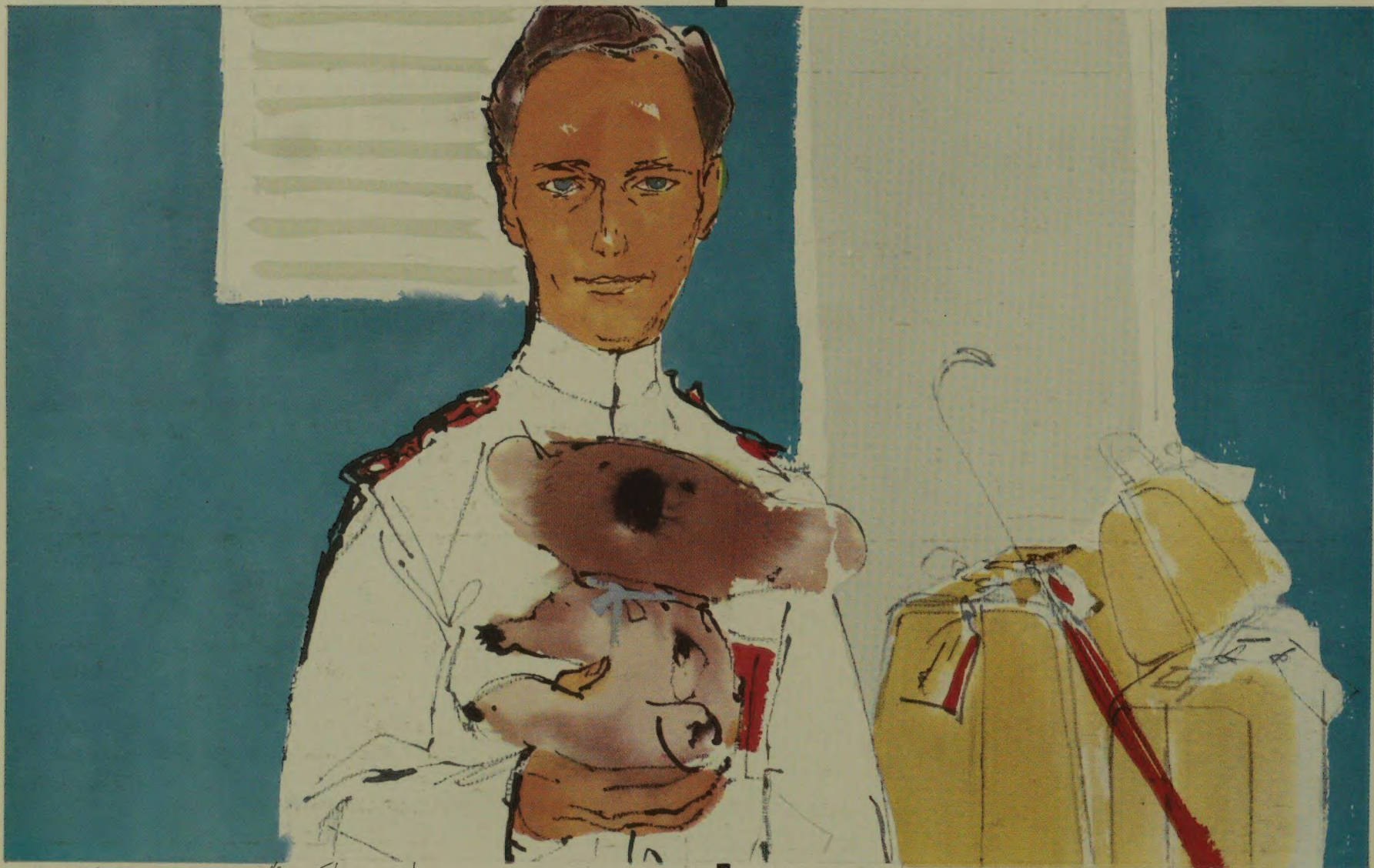
The Ear-rings Fiji, brilliant sun, emerald sea; ice clinking, green chairs confettied over the shining deck...



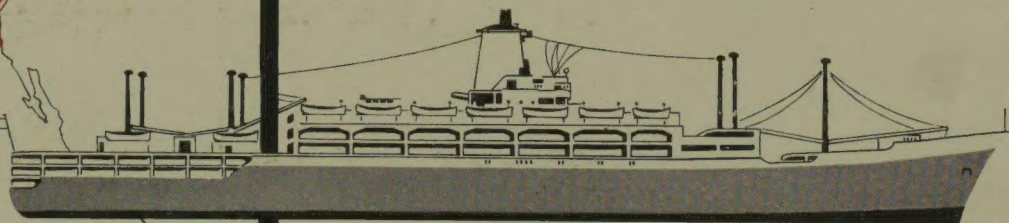
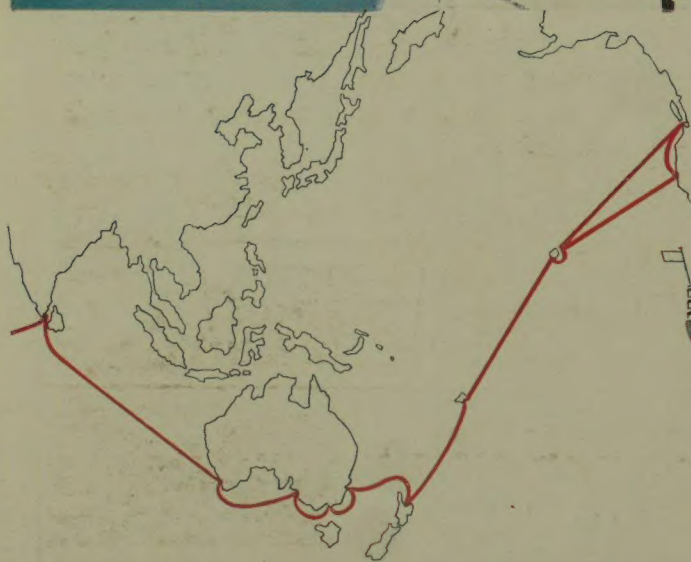
The Guitar Red wine and white buildings, Honolulu... soft twilight, songs half heard, ever remembered...



The Roses Sirens sobbing, journey's end, San Francisco, cabin full of flowers, moments of goodbye, sweet stewardess, charming barman, everyone so kind, last drink at our table, wonderful ship...



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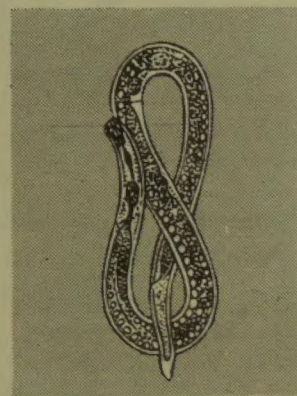
by their attacks of crops worth millions of pounds. And among them, many tons of Mexican strawberries.

Today, however, in Guanajuato and Michoacan, the picture is changing: fields are again leaf-green, blossom-white, berry-red—renewed and made fruitful with the help of Nemagon, developed by Shell. Not only has this powerful soil fumigant brought the nematode menace positively under control: it has induced also an upsurge of plant growth and vigour startling in its proportions. In some cases, yields have increased by up to 100% and growers today are indeed cropping the cream of strawberries.

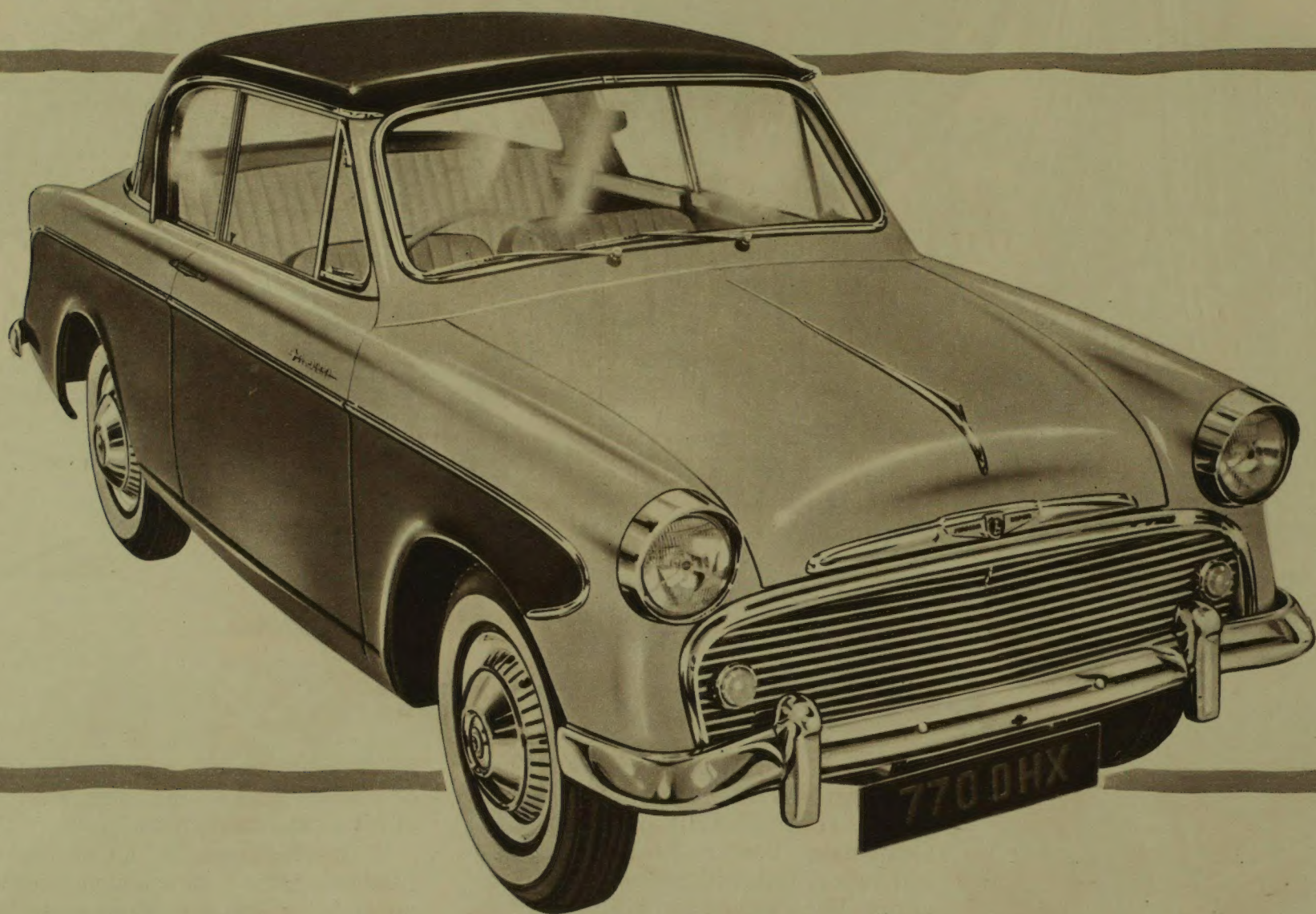
The same story is being repeated throughout the world—and with many crops. With its partner D-D, Nemagon Soil Fumigant is fast proving the nemesis of the nematode—and a key to greater food production everywhere.

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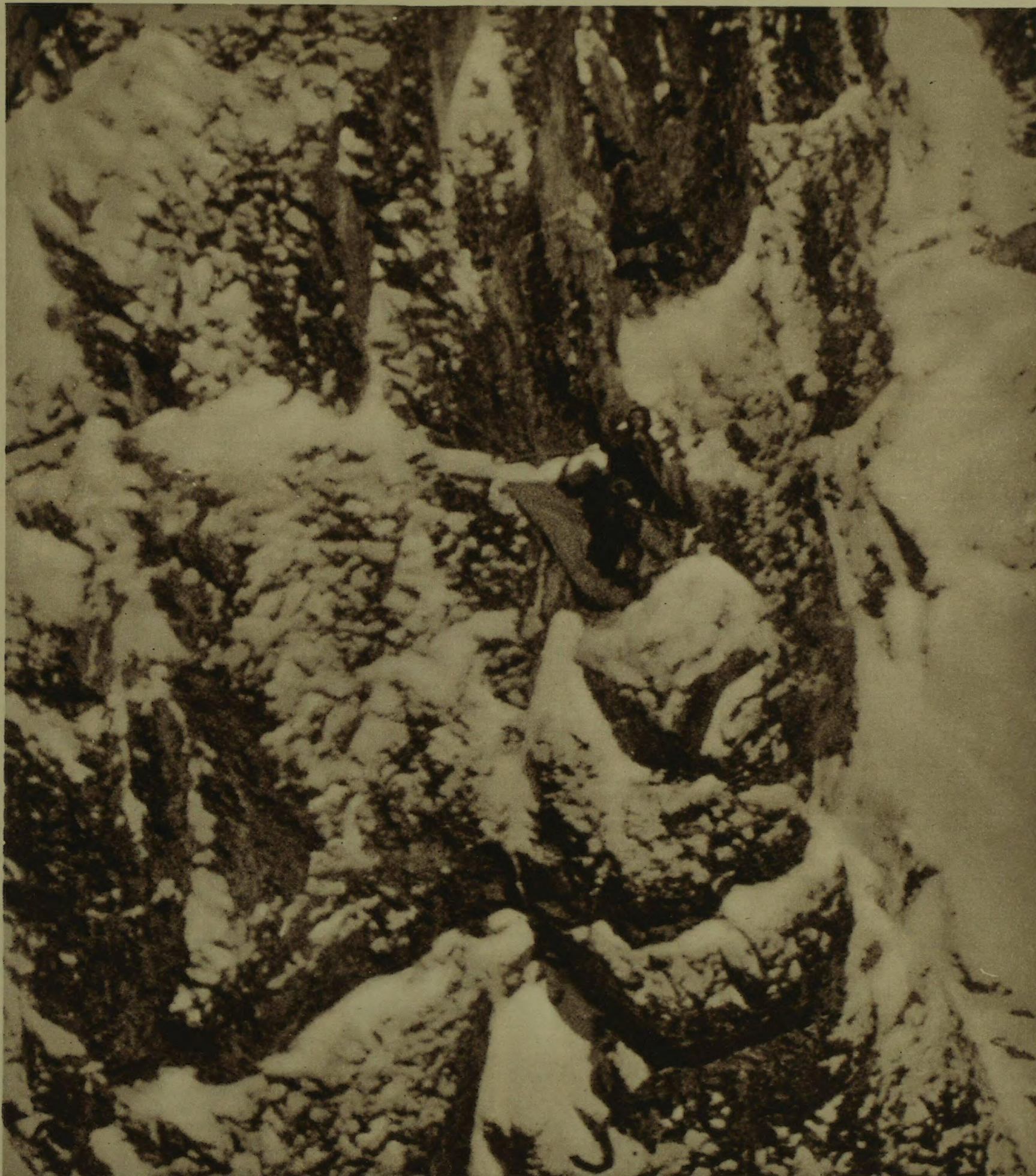
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1957.



TRAPPED ON THE NORTH WALL OF THE EIGER MOUNTAIN, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: THREE OF THE FOUR CLIMBERS—ONE OF WHOM WAS RESCUED ON AUGUST 11—CAMPED ON A NARROW LEDGE.

On August 4 four climbers—two Germans and two Italians—set out to climb the north wall of the 13,041-ft. Eiger mountain, in the Bernese Oberland. This attempt to achieve one of the most difficult and dangerous mountaineering feats in Europe was kept under observation through field-glasses from Kleine Scheidegg, and after five days it was realised that the four climbers were all but stationary some 1000 ft. from the summit. An aerial reconnaissance revealed that three of the men (seen in this photograph)

were bivouacked in a tent on a narrow ledge, while the fourth was roped lower down. All looked exhausted and rescue operations were put in hand. The first attempt at this extremely hazardous rescue, which took place on August 10, failed, but on the following day one of the two Italians, Claudio Corti, of Lecco, was hauled to safety by Alfred Hellparth, a German guide, who was lowered on a steel cable. Corti was unable to give a coherent account of his ordeal. Further photographs appear on page 253.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HOW quickly the fashion of popular thought changes! Nothing strikes a student of history more forcibly than the contrast between the general beliefs and notions of one age and those of the next. The beliefs and notions are always, in large part at least, erroneous, for it is the nature of man in all ages to err, and most men are wrong most of the time and all men are wrong part of the time; if this were not so the lot of mankind on earth, apart from the inevitability of death and decay, would be wholly delightful. But the stupidity, cussedness, wickedness and general absurdity of man, his nature and imperfect intellect will always ensure, despite his many admirable traits and capacities, that his lot will be troubled, anxious and frequently disastrous.

Any supposition to the contrary always turns out to be an illusion, and history is a standing testimony to this melancholy truth. In spite of this, however, man has a perennial disposition to suppose himself right and to be childish, and even viciously, intolerant of everyone and everything that runs counter to his egocentric conceptions. Hence the great practical contribution of Christianity to mankind's earthly well-being, even leaving spiritual and theological values out of the reckoning: that it teaches humility and, therefore, toleration.

Every age, set on its own beliefs and notions, is particularly contemptuous of those of the age that preceded it. The Victorians, for instance, had a great contempt and even dislike for the Georgians, and were always sneering at, and inveighing against, their morals, their habits, their manners, their poetry and even, incredible though this now seems, their architecture and æsthetic taste. In the same way our own age, which seems to me—I suppose because, living in it, one is more conscious of its follies than one would be merely reading of them in books—a particularly silly age, is for ever tilting at the late-Victorian, Edwardian and early neo-Georgian age out of which it grew—the age, that is, of Joseph Chamberlain, Cecil Rhodes, Kipling, Elgar and A. C. Benson's "Land of Hope and Glory."

To read the nonsense that is constantly being written by my younger contemporaries about the generation that fought in the Boer War and flew to arms with such touching spontaneity when the Germans invaded Belgium in 1914, one would think that the only interests of the British people and their leaders between 1880 and 1920 were making money, flogging "niggers," keeping the helpless races east of Suez in abject subordination by gunboat bombardments and punitive expeditions, and rounding, in the name of a jingo patriotism and hypocritical morality, on conscientious objectors and offenders against the sexual code. Such critics seem totally oblivious of the fact that the Britain of their fathers and grandfathers achieved the largest measure of political and civil liberty, to say nothing of toleration, ever achieved by any comparable society in recorded history, saved the free world by its Navy, held the Ypres Salient and endured the battles of Somme and Passchendaele, laid the foundations of modern atomic and scientific research, invented and created the motor-car, the aeroplane, the wireless and radio, and produced among its great men, Lloyd George, Churchill, Keir Hardie, Baldwin, Michael Collins, T. E. Lawrence, Trenchard, Rutherford, all the leading naval, air and military commanders of the last war, Wilson Steer and Augustus John, and such writers as Robert Louis Stevenson, Shaw, Wells, Wilde, Francis Thompson, Flecker, G. K. Chesterton, Belloc, Galsworthy, Barrie, Synge, James Joyce, Conrad, Yeats, Gilbert Murray, Masfield, W. H. Hudson, G. M. Trevelyan and Bertrand Russell, D. H. Lawrence, Somerset Maugham, Max Beerbohm and Walter de la Mare.

The very juxtaposition of these last names—and they could be paralleled by many others almost equally remarkable—shows the extraordinary range of British literature and thought in this now despised period. And at least half the genius it produced never reached maturity at all, being destroyed in the terrible but noble voluntary sacrifice of its best in the first German War. Julian Grenfell, Rupert Brooke, Charles Lister, Edward Wyndham Tennant, Charles Hamilton Sorley, Edward Thomas, Raymond Asquith, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Wilfred Owen, R. E. Vernede, Francis Ledwidge, Padhraic Pearse (who fell in that tragic by-product of the war, the 1916 Dublin Rising)—what a waste of nobility and great gifts for any one generation to suffer! Yet who but a purblind prig can maintain that the nation that made that sacrifice acted wrongly and against the light? If it was right to

halt the German jackboot when it crashed down on Prague and Warsaw in 1939, it was right to resist it when it trampled over the cities of the Belgian Plain in 1914:

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the fight ungrieving
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

It was no jingo who wrote those lines—the ultimate apology for Britain's unanimous, chivalrous response to Imperial Berlin's criminal brutality—but Thomas Hardy.

Among the most forgotten of the late Victorian and Edwardian writers is the author of "*Obiter Dicta*." Augustine Birrell had a brief, tragic encounter with history when, in 1916, he had the misfortune to be Irish Secretary during the Dublin Rising. For this scholarly Liberal humanist it marked the end of his political career, though not of his long life, which continued well into our own troubled era. He was of a slightly older vintage than most of the men mentioned above, being born nearly a quarter of a century before Winston Churchill, who was his colleague in the great Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith administrations that governed Britain in the decade before the First World War. The first two Series of his "*Obiter Dicta*" were written in the 'eighties when he was a rising young barrister and before he entered Parliament. They are among the wisest, best-balanced and most discerning essays on English Literature ever penned; his judgment and his taste seem to me scarcely ever at fault, and the width of his knowledge, humanity and humour are a constant delight to the reader. Most works of this kind date quickly; Birrell's have a timeless quality, which place them in almost the same category as those of Dr. Johnson—another gravely neglected writer whom our own hasty and ill-educated age would do well to study.

I have just been re-reading, after many years, the second volume of "*Obiter Dicta*," and have been immensely struck by it. The

last time I read it was as an undergraduate, when I was too young to appreciate the profundity and sanity of its author's mind. I was particularly impressed on returning to it by his essay on "The Muse of History," which anticipated by nearly twenty years G. M. Trevelyan's famous and germinating work on the same subject, "Clio, A Muse." In it, writing at the height of the reaction of the mid-Victorian "scientific" and "philosophical" historians against the great early-Victorian historical chroniclers, Macaulay and Carlyle, Birrell pointed out what almost no one at that time saw, that "the natural definition of history is the story of man upon earth, and the historian is he who tells us any chapter or fragment of that story." Against Seeley's contemporary thesis that "history, while it should be scientific in its method, should pursue a practical object, that it should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past but modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future," and against his plea, delivered as Regius Professor, to "break the drowsy spell of narrative," to "ask yourself questions, set yourself problems" that dominated the history schools for two generations, and brought about, by its pedantic insistence on the abstract, a fatal divorce between the professional writer of history and the general uneducated reader, Birrell, quoting from an earlier writer on the same subject, set the truth, testified to by the earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps of Celt and Copt, red man and white, black and yellow, that "Man lives between two eternities, and, warring against oblivion, would fain unite himself in clear, conscious relation, as in dim, unconscious relation he is already united, with the whole future and the whole past."

"Facts," Birrell wrote in this great essay, "are not the dross of history but the true metal, and a historian is a worker in that metal. He has nothing to do with abstract truth, or with practical politics or with forecasts for the future. The true historian, therefore, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ, but the end in view is generally the same, and the historian's end is truthful narration." *

* "*Obiter Dicta*" (Second Series). By Augustine Birrell. (Elliot Stock, pages 219-220.)



A SALUTE FOR MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN EAST BERLIN: YOUNG EAST GERMAN CHILDREN GREETING THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE SOVIET COMMUNIST PARTY (LEFT) ON HIS ARRIVAL IN EAST BERLIN ON AUGUST 7. MR. KHRUSHCHEV WAS NOT ACCOMPANIED BY MR. BULGANIN DURING HIS VISIT TO EAST GERMANY.

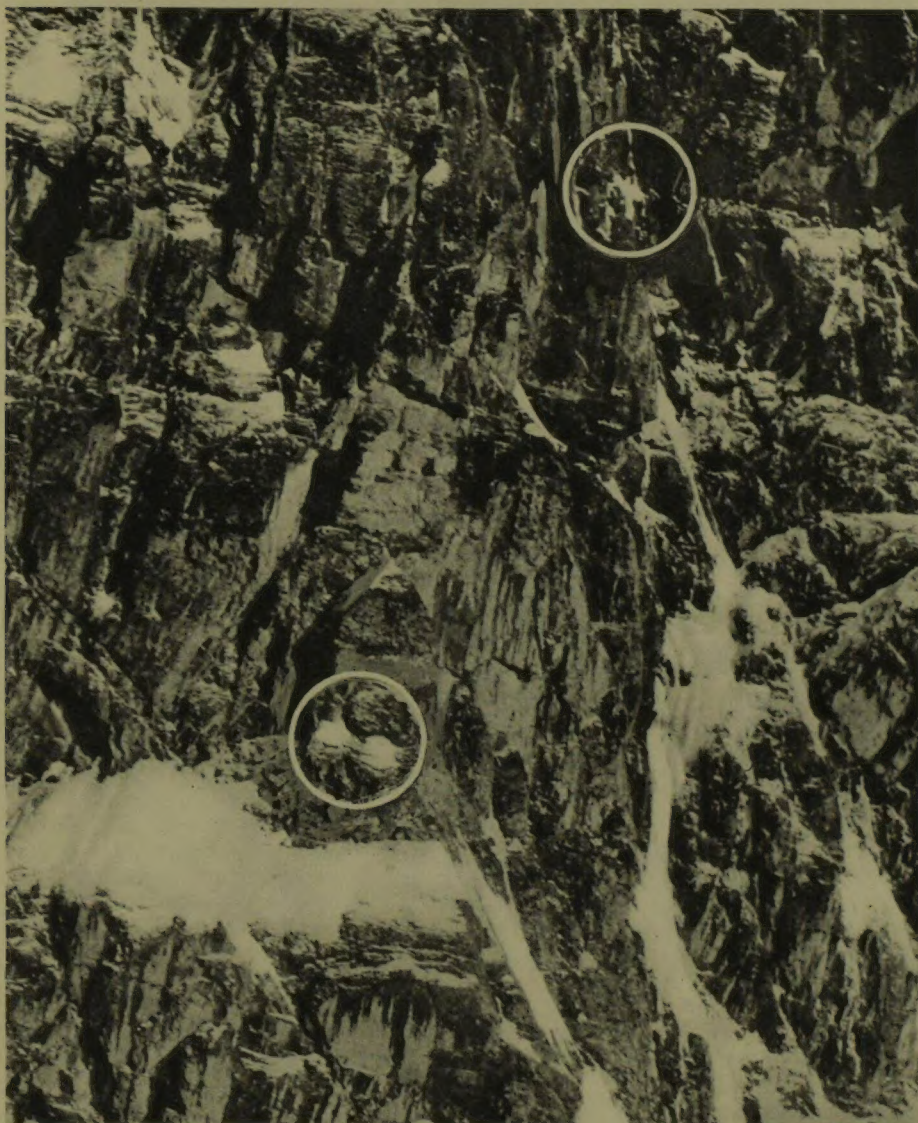
THE DRAMA ON THE EIGER: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TRAPPED MEN; AND A RESCUE PARTY.



THE NORTH WALL OF THE 13,041-FT. EIGER MOUNTAIN—THE ARROW POINTS TO THE SPOT WHERE THE FOUR CLIMBERS WERE STRANDED.



PREPARING FOR THE RESCUE ATTEMPT ON AUGUST 11: GUIDES AND MOUNTAINEERS NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE EIGER DIGGING IN THEIR TENTS AND WINCHING EQUIPMENT.



THE POSITIONS OF THE TRAPPED CLIMBERS ON AUGUST 10: THE TOP CIRCLE SHOWS THE TENT SET UP BY THREE OF THE CLIMBERS AND THE LOWER INDICATES THE POSITION OF THE FOURTH.

At the time of writing (August 12) one of the four climbers stranded on the north wall of the Eiger mountain for a week had been rescued (as is reported on our front page.) Despite the continued bad weather, attempts were still being made to rescue the remaining three. For some time no trace had been seen of the two Germans, Guenther Nothdurft and Goetz Meyer, who had left Claudio Corti thirty-six hours before his rescue. It was feared that



SECURED BY ROPES AND BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN INJURED: THE ELDEST OF THE FOUR CLIMBERS, FORTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD STEFANO LONGHI, WAVING TO AN AIRCRAFT ON AUGUST 10. ON AUGUST 12 IT WAS FEARED THAT HE HAD DIED.

they may have fallen in a desperate attempt to reach safety. On August 11 and 12 no sign of life was seen from the second Italian, who had been separated from his companions for several days and was secured by his ropes some distance lower down. The international team of sixty guides and mountaineers were awaiting weather reports before making further attempts, but on August 12, the rescue operations were halted.

WHEN I was last in Jordan I asked an officer of a regiment, Bedouin from top to bottom, of the then Arab Legion what he thought of that institution. His attitude to it was novel to me. He said that, since Jordan was adopting a new civilisation and the old Arab tradition of tribal rivalry and raiding had gone, the Legion was a good thing; it provided the young and active Bedouin with careers and an atmosphere which they appreciated. The primitive Arab life is warlike, though Arab wars do not commonly involve much spilling of blood. From Aden to the Persian Gulf, and within it, minor fighting goes on constantly. Sometimes it is trivial and the world does not hear of it. Sometimes it increases to proportions which justify labelling it a war.

When fresh and modern rifles are thoughtfully provided from outside these primitive territories they are certain to be used. Nowadays a new factor has been introduced. My old economic atlas shows the word "Dates" written across Oman and, even more surprisingly, "Dates" and "Pearls" across Baheir. Pearls of greater price are now to be found in oilfields. And, just as men seek pearls, so they seek oil. The possibility of striking fresh oil is a factor in unrest as well as the presence of a working oilfield. And on top of all these factors—combative disposition, arms, and oil—there has to be taken into account the strategic importance of the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and of the Strait of Hormuz and the Bab-el-Mandeb, which give entry to them.

A rebellion against an Arab overlord on friendly terms with Britain, or formally protected by her, or linked to her by treaty, also provides good material for propaganda among those who wish her ill. Soviet Russia, with her hands hardly yet washed clean of Hungarian blood, has been making the most of the trouble in Oman and Muscat, just as she has in similar troubles. By the time these words are read an approach may have been made by representatives of the Arab League—which discussed the matter in Cairo on August 6—to the Security Council. And, as I have pointed out before, certain Arab States, which have no desire to attack this country, often feel themselves bound to take part in these exhibitions to show the solidarity of the Arab World—and perhaps to keep out of range of the guns of Egyptian propaganda.

In this particular case the Sultan is not a protected ruler. It is doubtful whether, despite the disquisitions of critical purists in the British Press, this makes the slightest difference to the world at large, or whether any extra bitterness or effect can be imparted to the hostility displayed. Yet it seems to have induced a sensitivity on the British side which I confess I find unpleasantly comic. I do not care to see British troops in the rôle of that celebrated, cultivated, underrated nobleman, the Duke of Plaza-Toro:

To men of grosser clay,
ha, ha!
He always showed the way,
ha, ha!

It would be better, surely, when making up our mind to do something, to do it thoroughly, even if the subject is thorny.

These reflections were occasioned by reading an account of the advance on the rebel headquarters at Nizwa. We were told that the small British contingent's duty was to bring up the rear, and its precise functions were variously described as providing firm bases, holding the lines of communication, and encouraging the contingents of Arabs. The heat, it is true, appears to be atrocious, but it does not seem likely that the troops would suffer from it more if they were up in front than they have suffered in the rear. Before this article appears

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. TROUBLE IN THE GULF OF OMAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the job may have been done on the present lines or it may have been found necessary to allot a rôle more like that to which our troops are accustomed in war to the British



A RULER ASSISTED BY BRITISH FORCES TO QUELL A REBELLION: THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT AND OMAN, SAID BIN TAIMUR, THE THIRTEENTH OF HIS DYNASTY.



BEING INSPECTED BY A BRITISH OFFICER: A TROOP OF THE TRUCIAL OMAN LEVIES. IN REVIEWING THE CAMPAIGN IN OMAN CAPTAIN FALLS WRITES: "BRITISH INTERVENTION IN THE REBELLION OF THE IMAM AGAINST THE SULTAN... WAS FULLY JUSTIFIABLE."

contingent. I should still call the experiment a mistake.

It may be recalled that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs stated a short time ago that there was no intention of using British land forces in the advance. The Government was obviously then in the coils of an old fallacy about the suitability of air forces to conduct enterprises of this kind on their own. They are invaluable in consort with land forces, and it is fair to add that

in numerous cases the threat of their employment has sufficed to nip trouble and aggression in the bud. Yet they are a clumsy weapon. In this case, while they alone were involved, no one knew what was happening, and there were even disputes about the colour and meaning of the flags hung out in dissident villages. It was clear that land forces would have to intervene.

However the British effort to aid the Sultan of Oman ends up, it has already illustrated the principle that where an undertaking of the kind is called for, it should be carried out wholeheartedly and that half-measures run the risk of being worse than no measures. In this case there can be no doubt that action was desirable, despite political risks. British critics should remember, and foreign critics who will listen should be told, that, if the Sultan of Oman were not supported when facing adversity, a numbers of sheikhs would conclude that Britain was a broken reed, and the consequences of that belief would not be long in showing.

Mr. Dulles has informed us that there is the firmest Anglo-American co-operation in Oman in the matter of oil and has denied any hostility on the part of American oil interests to ours. Let us hope that he is right in this instance. Even if he is not wholly correct, his words are welcome because they suggest that at least the attitude of the State Department is not unfriendly, as it was in the days of Suez. It may also be taken for granted that on this occasion we have taken the advice of Mr. Whitney and revealed our intentions and our arguments in favour of them to the United States in advance. I am not, of course, comparing this little episode to that of the Suez Canal, but there is some resemblance in kind, if none in scope.

To sum up, it seems that British intervention in the rebellion of the Imam against the Sultan of Oman was unavoidable, and fully justifiable. It also seems, however, that we started too slowly to deal with an affair which had not burst on us by surprise, and that we wasted further time by starting on the wrong foot. In the old days a little dallying over such a matter did not matter much, but this is no longer the case. Common sense, seasoned with a pinch of cynicism, teaches us that the most troublesome busybodies of the world are astonishingly inconstant to their fads and ready to buzz away and settle somewhere else when one of them ceases to be in the news. They should not be discouraged in these habits by delays in undertaking honourable but controversial tasks.

Whether Britain is called on to advise friends such as the Sultan of Oman that they should to some extent modernise the structure of their states is far too big a question to be discussed at the tail of this article. It is, however, worth mention. Those who think it ought to be done would first have to show that it was possible and that the soil was ripe for it. There are many other problems to be considered. When we talk of those of the Middle East the words do not envisage only—as they might elsewhere—big states or even states as small as Jordan. They cover also the aspirations and tribulations of sheikhs ruling a few thousand subjects in the old paternal style.

CORRECTION.

The photographs of the Eton and Harrow cricket teams which appeared in our issue of July 13, and which we described as those chosen to play at Lord's, unfortunately had to be taken some time before the match and subsequently the following changes were made. N. S. Nicholson and P. W. Face were in the team which played Eton in place of K. M. Carlisle and J. C. S. Nieborr; T. Pilkington was in the Eton side in place of B. T. J. Stevens.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



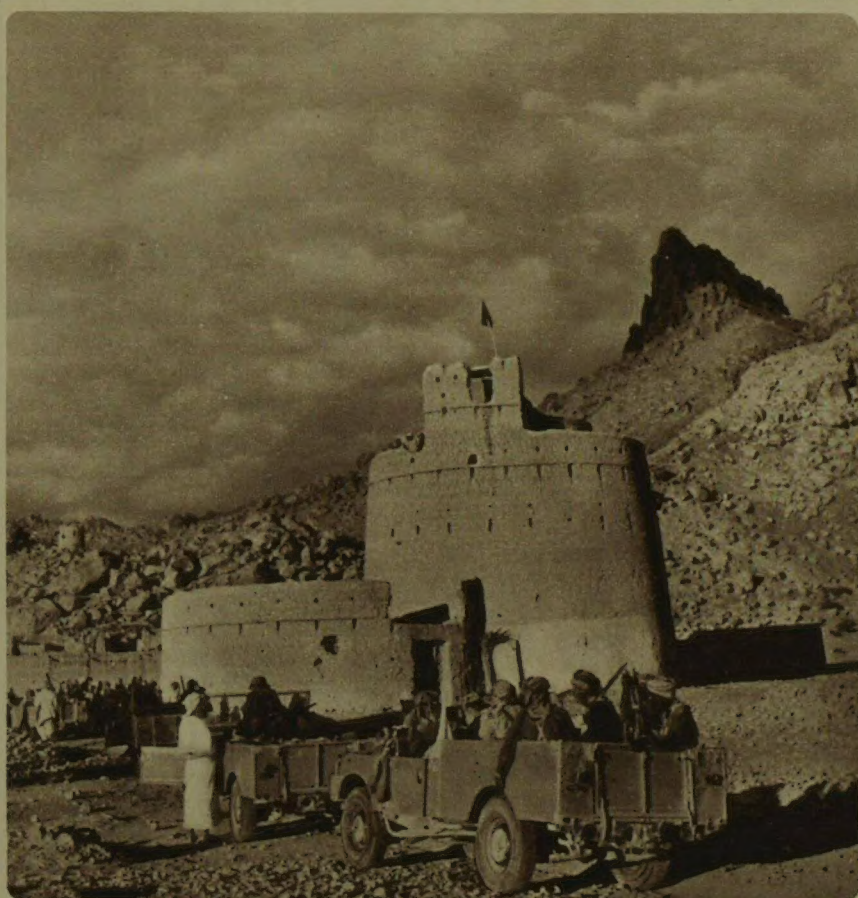
OMAN. SUPPORTING THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT'S FORCES: MEN OF THE CAMERONIANS MANNING A MACHINE-GUN ON A STRATEGIC RIDGE.



MOVING UP FOR AN ATTACK ON A REBEL POSITION: MEMBERS OF THE SULTAN'S FORCES IN A CONVOY OF VEHICLES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF FIRQ.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY THE SULTAN'S FORCES ON AUGUST 11: THE FORT AT NIZWA, SEEN DURING THE 1955 CAMPAIGN.



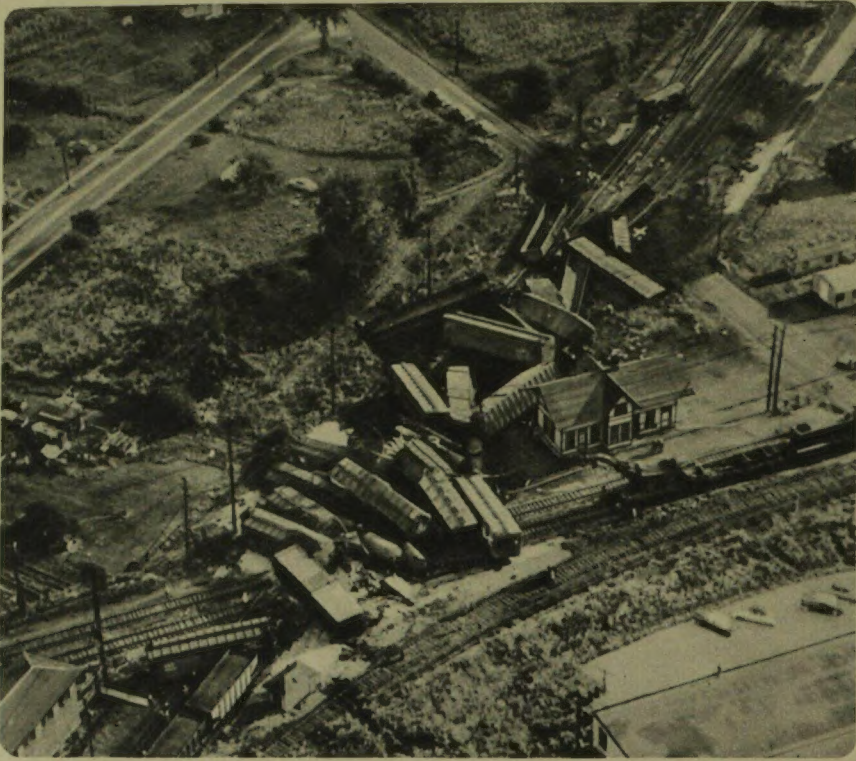
CAPTURED WITH THE SUPPORT OF BRITISH TROOPS: FIRQ, SHOWING THE FORT FROM WHICH THE ONLY SHOT WAS FIRED DURING THE PREVIOUS RISING.



AFTER IT WAS ATTACKED BY R.A.F. VENOMS: THE FORTRESS AT NIZWA, H.Q. OF THE REBEL IMAM AND HIS FOLLOWERS, SEEN FROM THE AIR.

AFTER a period in which reports of the position in Oman were confused, an official spokesman confirmed, on August 11, that the Sultan of Muscat's forces, supported by British troops, had taken Nizwa, the H.Q. of the rebel Imam and his followers, without a shot. It followed a swift dash by the British and the Sultan's forces along the valley from Firq, where resistance collapsed before the main attack was launched. Before the attack *Shackletons* of the R.A.F. had dropped fragmentation bombs on ridges held by the rebels and the great circular fort of Nizwa had chunks knocked out of its walls and ramparts by rockets fired by R.A.F. *Venoms*. According to official accounts of the action on August 11, the Cameronians established themselves on a steep ridge under cover of darkness to enfilade the rebel positions behind Firq and cover the flank of the Sultan's troops, who subsequently advanced up the exposed wadi. The other flank was covered by armoured scout cars of the 15th/19th Hussars. At the time of writing it is reported that the rebels have either taken to the hills or pulled back to make a stand elsewhere.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



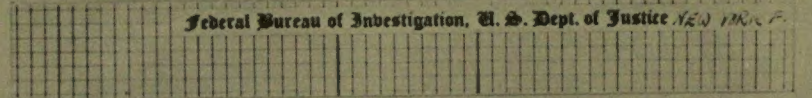
U.S.A. A CRASH AT GREENWICH, OHIO, IN WHICH FORTY-ONE RAILWAY WAGONS WERE DERAILED BUT IN WHICH NOBODY WAS HURT. THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT WAS BELIEVED TO BE A BROKEN AXLE.



SPAIN. A SMALLER TRAIN CRASH IN WHICH AT LEAST TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE WERE KILLED : A CRANE CLEARING AWAY WRECKAGE AT VILLA VERDE. On August 4 at least twenty-two people were killed and over fifty injured when a troop train crashed into a stationary locomotive at Villa Verde Station, near Madrid. The train was carrying about 800 troops who had been on manoeuvres in the Pyrenees.



BURMA. NEAR RANGOON : A NEW MEMORIAL TO BE UNVEILED IN THE TAUKKYAN ALLIED WAR CEMETERY. WORK ON THE MEMORIAL IS BEING SUPERVISED BY THE BRITISH WAR GRAVES COMMISSION.



U.S.A. SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED BY RUDOLF IVANOVICH ABEL, WHO IS ACCUSED OF ESPIONAGE, FOR TRANSMITTING SECRET INFORMATION : A HOLLOWED-OUT PENCIL. On August 7 Rudolf Ivanovich Abel was indicted in Brooklyn, New York, on charges of espionage. Hollowed-out pencils were said to have been one of the containers used by him and his colleagues for transmitting secret information recorded on microfilms.



U.S.S.R. DURING THE SIXTH WORLD FESTIVAL OF YOUTH AND STUDENTS AT MOSCOW : A DEMONSTRATION AT ONE OF THE CITY SPORTS GROUNDS OF A GEORGIAN EQUESTRIAN GAME. SOME 30,000 FOREIGNERS VISITED MOSCOW FOR THE FESTIVAL.



JORDAN. DURING HIS FOUR-DAY VISIT : MR. SUHRAWARDY, PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN (LEFT), WITH KING HUSSEIN IN JERUSALEM. The four-day visit to Jordan of Mr. Suhrawardy, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, came to an end on August 4. He and King Hussein announced that they would co-operate and try to preserve peace in the Middle East.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE UNITED STATES. SEEN AT A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY FESTIVAL IN NEBRASKA: A PREFABRICATED MISSION CHURCH KNOWN AS THE PLYDOME, WHICH CAN BE ERECTED IN LESS THAN THIRTY HOURS. IT HAS 125 STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.

(Above.)

EAST BERLIN. WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC, HERR PIECK: MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND SOVIET AND EAST GERMAN OFFICIALS.

During his visit to East Berlin Mr. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party, had talks with Herr Wilhelm Pieck, President of the German Democratic Republic. This photograph, taken outside the President's country house, shows (l. to r.): Herr Grotewohl (East German Prime Minister), Mr. Mikoyan (Soviet Deputy Prime Minister), Herr Pieck (Soviet), Mr. Khrushchev, Herr W. Ulbricht, Mr. G. M. Puschkin and Herr Opitz.

(Right.)

FRANCE. QUEUING OUTSIDE A BANK NEAR THE OPERA IN PARIS: SOME OF THE 2000 PEOPLE WHO WAITED FOR HOURS ON AUGUST 5 TO TRY TO BUY SHARES IN AN OIL PROSPECTING COMPANY. SHARES WERE SOLD AT £10 EACH, AND, AT FIRST, THERE WAS A MAXIMUM OF TWENTY, WHICH WAS REDUCED TO FIVE AS THE CROWDS INCREASED.

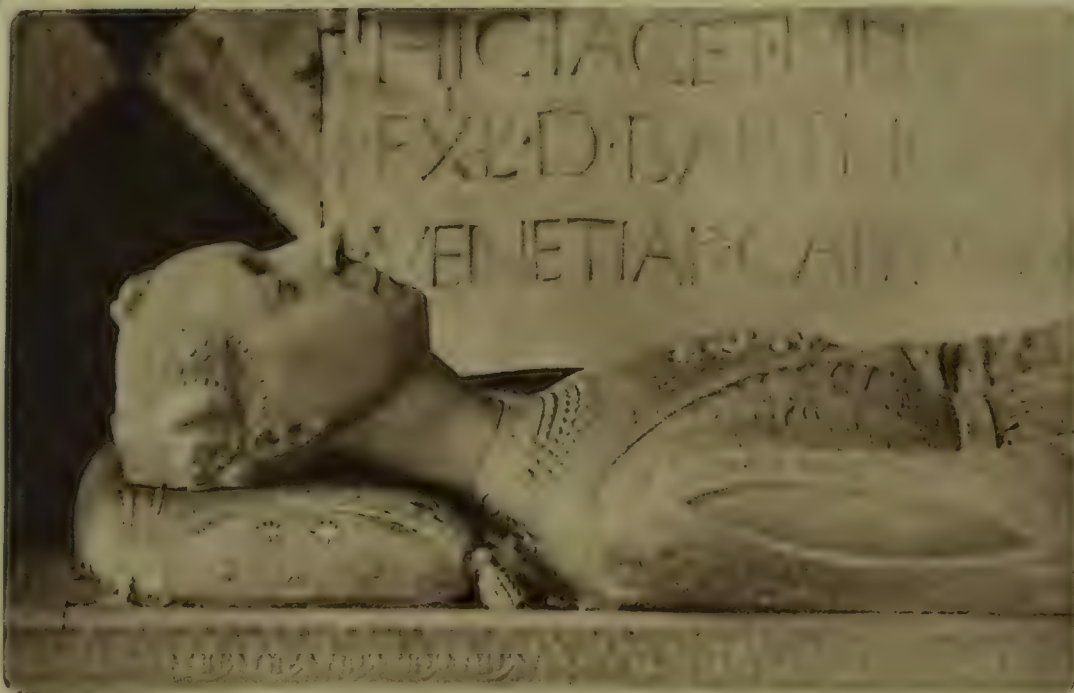


FRANCE. MOVING ON RAILS: THE STRANGE SCENE AS THE ACHILLE BERGES CHATEAU AT LANCEY WAS MOVED SLOWLY WITH THE AID OF WINCHES.

A strange form of house-moving was recently seen at Lancey, near Grenoble, in France, when the Achille Berge's chateau was moved seventy yards to a new site. The owner, a paper manufacturer, wanted the space for a factory extension and it was finally decided that it would be easier to move it than to pull it down and rebuild it.

FRANCE. AT LANCEY, NEAR GRENOBLE: THE SCENE AS A FRENCH CHATEAU WAS MOVED BODILY SOME SEVENTY YARDS TO A NEW AND MORE CONVENIENT SITE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



BERGAMO, ITALY. BURIED WITH HER PET SPARROW IN BERGAMO CATHEDRAL: MEDEA COLLEONI, DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS SOLDIER, BARTOLOMEO COLLEONI, WHO DIED IN 1470 AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN—A DETAIL OF HER IMPOSING TOMB IN WHICH SHE WAS LAID WITH HER PET SPARROW.



BERGAMO, ITALY. NOW POSED ON A PILLAR BESIDE ITS MISTRESS'S TOMB: THE MUMMIFIED REMAINS OF MEDEA COLLEONI'S PET SPARROW, WHICH DIED WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF HER PASSING AND WAS PLACED ON HER BREAST IN HER TOMB.



SWITZERLAND. FAVOURITES WITH TOURISTS AT SILVAPLANA, NEAR ST. MORITZ: A REMARKABLY TAME FAMILY OF MARMOTS, WHO EAGERLY COME OUT OF THEIR HOME IN THE ROCKS TO EAT THE SWEETS OFFERED TO THEM BY VISITORS.



AIX-EN-PROVENCE, FRANCE. AN UNUSUAL FIND BEING EXAMINED BY TWO FRENCH SCIENTISTS: ONE OF A NUMBER OF ELLIPSOID-SHAPED "DINOSAUR EGGS" RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR AIX-EN-PROVENCE, AND BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LAID BY PREHISTORIC REPTILES MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.



UNITED STATES. NOW UNDERGOING TESTS IN FLORIDA: A HUGE TELESCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDER WHICH IS COMPLETELY MOBILE AND CAN TRACK AND PHOTOGRAPH A SMALL OBJECT FOUR MILES AWAY. (ABOVE, RIGHT).



UNITED STATES. A MODERN VERSION OF THE GATLING GUN: THE NEW 30-MM. VULCAN GUN WHICH HAS BEEN DEVELOPED FOR THE U.S. AIR FORCE AND HAS THREE TIMES THE STRIKING POWER OF THE 1956 20-MM. MODEL. (ABOVE, LEFT).



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

The many public engagements of her Majesty the Queen Mother are constantly enlivened by her great natural charm. In this unposed portrait the camera has succeeded in catching much of the warmth of her smile and her friendliness. During her recent visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland the Queen Mother renewed many old acquaintances and travelled many miles to complete a very full programme. One of the more important events of the visit was the installation of her Majesty as first President of

the multi-racial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the Commonwealth's youngest seat of learning. The Queen Mother is well known for her active interest in intellectual and cultural affairs, and in various charitable organisations. In addition to this new office, her Majesty has been Chancellor of London University since 1955, and is—with the Queen—a Patron of the Royal Academy of Music and of the Royal College of Music. Above, her Majesty is seen wearing a dress in organza by Mr. Norman Hartnell.



ELEGANT IN SARONGS OF BRIGHTLY-CHECKED MATERIALS AND WITH CROSS BELTS AND FLORAL AND PANDANUS HEAD-DRESSES: ABORIGINES MADE UP FOR A CEREMONIAL DANCE.



RESTING IN A TAPIOCA FIELD WHILE THEIR MEN ARE HUNTING WITH BLOW-PIPES: YOUNG WOMEN OF A LITTLE-KNOWN TRIBE THOUGHT TO BE AN OFFSHOOT OF THE TEMOQ.



WITH FACES GAILY PAINTED IN BRIGHT RED: TWO YOUNG ABORIGINAL GIRLS OF THE MALAYAN JUNGLE IN BRILLIANTLY-COLOURED SARONGS.



COLOURFULLY DECORATED FOR ONE OF THE CEREMONIAL DANCES, ALWAYS HELD AT NIGHT: A GIRL OF THE SEMAI SENOI WITH A HEAD-DRESS OF PLAITED PALM AND FLOWERS.

IN A COUNTRY WHICH GAINS INDEPENDENCE ON AUGUST 31: ABORIGINAL FASHIONS IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLE.

The police and security forces in Malaya come into direct contact with the jungle folk who often occupy a section of Special Air Service and police camps. Our colour photographs illustrate Aboriginal fashions in clothes and facial decoration. Some groups tattoo their faces. The *Semai* of Pahang achieve this with soot off a cooking-pot and thorns of the Bertam palm; and other groups produce light brown scars by the use of a burning jungle gum. Painting the face in gay colours—red, yellow, black and white—is the rule for festive occasions with all *Senoi* and *Negrito* groups. Red is obtained from the seeds of the *Kesumba* shrub—though Western influence has introduced lipstick, obtainable in the towns, to be used as a variant—yellow from the root of the *Kunyit*, white from lime or pipeclay and black from the latex of a jungle tree. The "make-up" is applied with the finger, a stick or porcupine quill or specially prepared

wooden stamps. In some regions both men and women paint their faces, but the more elaborate patterns are a feminine prerogative. For ceremonial dances, head-dresses of plaited palm interspersed with flowers are worn. All Aborigines are proud of their wavy hair, but the urge to improve upon nature can now be satisfied, and jungle ladies have been known to visit a town for a permanent wave. Sarongs in bought cloth are the usual wear, for the old-time bark-cloth, prepared from the pounded inner bark of certain trees, is only used in remote districts. On August 31 the Federation of Malaya will attain independence and enter the Commonwealth. The rights of Malays, in this country in which there are also many Chinese and Indians, are carefully safeguarded in the constitution of the new State. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will attend the independence celebrations in Malaya, the Duke as special representative of the Queen.

Photographs in colour by Douglas Pike.

ABORIGINES OF MALAYA, A COUNTRY SOON TO BE INDEPENDENT.



WEARING HER STRINGS OF BEADS IN TRADITIONAL FASHION: A MALAYAN ABORIGINAL GIRL.



UNAFFECTED BY MODERN CIVILISATION: AN ABORIGINAL HUNTER WITH HIS BLOWPIPE AND DART QUIVER.



CONSISTING OF LENGTHS OF BAMBOO WHICH ARE BEATEN ON A LOG: AN ABORIGINAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. DANCERS ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



WITH HIS BLOWPIPE, ORNAMENTAL STRINGS OF BEADS AND UNUSUAL HEAD-DRESS: AN ABORIGINAL HUNTER.

On August 5 the Federation of Malaya agreement of 1957 was signed at Kuala Lumpur and at the end of the month the Federation becomes an independent member of the Commonwealth. One section of Malaya's mixed population consists of the Aborigines. They are a primitive people, and as can be seen from the colour reproductions elsewhere in this issue, some of them are distinguished by their colourful dress and personal "make-up." Their diet

includes fish, meat, maize, rice and other foods. One of the weapons of Aboriginal hunters is the blowpipe, which is used with poisoned darts. Another distinctive feature of Aboriginal life is the musical instrument, illustrated above, which consists of a log and short lengths of bamboo. To provide music for dancing, the pieces of bamboo are beaten against the log by the members of the tribal orchestra. In some parts of the Malayan jungle Aborigines have rendered valuable assistance to British forces in combating terrorists. In return for this they have been given food, medical attention and protection. After the country becomes independent, the British protection against the terrorists will be continued.

AT KUALA LUMPUR: THE TREATY OF INDEPENDENCE FOR MALAYA; AND THE MALAYA HEAD OF STATE.



TWO CEREMONIAL WEAPONS TO BE WORN BY THE HEAD OF INDEPENDENT MALAYA: ABOVE, A KRIS, AND BELOW, A GOLD SWORD.



ANOTHER PART OF THE REGALIA OF THE HEAD OF STATE: A MAGNIFICENT GOLD BELT AND A STAR AND A DIAMOND-STUDDED CRESCENT FOR THE HEAD-DRESS.



AT A FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN BY THE MALAY RULERS FOR THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER: TUANKU SIR ABDUL RAHMAN (LEFT) AND THE SULTAN OF SELANGOR.



SIGNING THE AGREEMENT FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF MALAYA ON BEHALF OF THE QUEEN: THE HIGH COMMISSIONER, SIR DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.



TO BE HEAD OF STATE OF INDEPENDENT MALAYA: TUANKU SIR ABDUL RAHMAN, THE RULER OF THE STATE OF NEGRI SEMBILAN.



THE FORMAL SIGNING, AT KUALA LUMPUR ON AUGUST 5, OF THE TREATY UNDER WHICH MALAYA WILL BECOME AN INDEPENDENT MEMBER OF THE COMMONWEALTH ON AUG. 31.



TUANKU SIR ABDUL RAHMAN (LEFT), THE DEPUTY HEAD OF STATE (RIGHT) AND SIR DONALD MACGILLIVRAY, AT KING'S HOUSE, KUALA LUMPUR.

The nine states of the Malay peninsula and the two British settlements of Penang and Malacca are to gain independence on August 31. The new treaty between the Queen and the rulers of the Malay states, ending the British protectorate over the states and sovereignty over the two settlements, and admitting the new Federation to the Commonwealth, was signed in Kuala Lumpur on August 5. (Singapore, a separate colony, is not affected by the new agreement.) Two days earlier, also in Kuala Lumpur, the Head of the independent Federation was elected. He is Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, ruler of the State of Negri Sembilan, and he has two titles: Yang di-Pertuan Agong

—the Head of State—and his present title, Yang di-Pertuan Besar (of Negri Sembilan). He was elected by his fellow rulers, who based their choice on seniority—according to dates of accession—and on their own preference. The Head of State will be installed in September and will hold office for five years, when another similar election will be held. In addition to the rulers, there is an inter-racial Government in the Federation. The population includes, according to the census of 1947, about 2,500,000 Malays and just under 2,000,000 Chinese. Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce photographs of the Aborigines of Malaya.



REMINISCENT OF THE FUNERAL SPLENDOURS OF UR: THE ROYAL TOMB OF THE SHANG DYNASTY UNCOVERED AT WU KUAN TS'UN, NEAR ANYANG, HONAN—AN AERIAL VIEW OF AN OUTSTANDING RECENT DISCOVERY IN CHINESE ARCHÆOLOGY.

In his article on the following page Mr. William Watson, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities of the British Museum, describes a number of recent important discoveries in Chinese archæology, details of which have lately reached this country, together with a number of photographs entrusted by the Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries to the Britain-China Friendship Association, to whom we are indebted for those reproduced on this and the following pages. It is hoped to exhibit the

photographs publicly early next year. Among the recent discoveries was this exceptionally interesting Royal tomb uncovered at Wu Kuan village. Dating from the twelfth or eleventh century B.C. it is one of the "dramatic discoveries" made on or near the site of the Shang dynastic capital near Anyang, in the north of Honan Province. Mr. Watson gives a full description of this grave and its contents in his article. The large rectangular pit measures approximately 46 by 39½ ft. and each ramp is 49 ft. 2½ ins. long.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CHINESE ARCHÆOLOGY: A ROYAL TOMB AND A CHARIOT GRAVE OF THE SHANG DYNASTY EXCAVATED NEAR ANYANG IN HONAN PROVINCE.

By WILLIAM WATSON, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities of the British Museum.

THE Chinese have recently sent to this country a collection of photographs illustrating the result of excavations conducted by the Archaeological Institute of the Peking Academy of Sciences since its organisation in 1950. Much work has been done on and near the site of the Shang dynastic capital near Anyang, in the north of Honan Province, in furtherance of investigations carried out there by Academia Sinica from 1928 until the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War. This is a place of dramatic discoveries, in scale and in tale of ferocious rites falling little short of the funereal splendours of Ur. In 1934-35 ten tombs of royal size were discovered lying mostly to the north and north-west of the palace site at Hsiao T'un, from which they are separated by the present course of the Huan River. No mounds or other surface indications betrayed the position of the tombs. One of them was empty, excavated perhaps in the vain hope of misleading tomb-robbers, or abandoned as inauspicious. Their size and the lavishness of the grave-goods suggest that these were kings' burials, but no evidence has been forthcoming to connect them more closely with the dozen kings of the Shang House who ruled at Hsiao T'un, after the move thither of King P'an Keng, perhaps in the sixteenth century B.C. until the overthrow of the dynasty by the Chou in the latter half of the eleventh century B.C.

The upheavals of war and government have unfortunately prevented the satisfactory publication of reports relating to the earlier excavation of royal tombs. Special interest is roused, therefore, by the systematic account now available of the uncovering at Wu Kuan village of the tomb which is illustrated on page 261. It takes the form of a central rectangular pit approached on two opposed sides by long ramps. These are orientated north and south, the principal entrance being the northern one (whereas in later times the chief direction, towards which the emperor faced to exercise his full power, was the south). The pit measures approximately 46 by 39½ ft. and each ramp is 49 ft. 2½ ins. long. The structure of the chamber exhibited here is typical of all the tombs. The side of the pit is stepped at a depth

arrangement of funeral victims and grave-goods. There were traces in the earth over a considerable area of a structure judged to have been made of bamboo, wood-bark and leather, carved with ornament and painted red. This the excavators are agreed to call the *I Chang*, or kingly insignia. On the east side (the right side of the photograph) were the skeletons of seventeen men, on the west side the skeletons of twenty-four women. The



FIG. 1. AMONG THE BRONZE PARTS OF THE CHARIOT IN THE OUTSTANDING CHARIOT GRAVE EXCAVATED AT TA SSU K'UNG TS'UN, NEAR ANYANG: A YOKE MOUNT WITH A DECORATED FINIAL. (Height; c. 23½ ins.)



FIG. 2. REMARKABLY PRESERVED FOR 3000 YEARS: THE IMPRESSION OF ONE OF THE CHARIOT WHEELS, OF WHICH THE WOOD HAD DECAYED, FOUND IN THE EARTH OF THE CHARIOT GRAVE AT TA SSU K'UNG TS'UN.

of 15 ft. 5 ins. and the smaller coffin pit continues downwards for another 8 ft. 2½ ins. In the centre of its floor is the smallest cavity, in which was found the skeleton of a human funeral victim, armed with a bronze halberd and evidently posted there to defend the coffin from influences coming from beneath. Above him, fitting the sides of the next pit, was the outer coffin, with bottom, sides and roof constructed of roughly-trimmed logs. The excavators found this inner chamber rifled. No trace remained of the inner wooden coffin or of the bones of its occupant; but strewn in the area representing the space between the two coffins (that is, in the position they regularly occupy in the tombs) were grave gifts which had escaped the plunderers: cowrie shells, small carved jades and carved bone, turquoise, bronze weapons and ritual vessels.

On the wide step, at about the level of the roof of the outer coffin, was found an ordered

bodies were lain on their backs, some in prepared cavities and accompanied by funeral gifts of their own. Much of the bone had disintegrated into the encasing loessic soil, so that their uncovering and recording required no little skill. There is no sign on the bones of violent death, or of struggle in their attitudes, or traces of binding: perhaps this was self-immolation by the kinsmen and close retainers of the dead man. On the floor of the northern ramp were the graves of the tomb guardians. Three pits contain sixteen horses—four chariot teams; separate graves hold dogs and two men. These last are kneeling, facing outwards to the north, one grasps a halberd and the other a bell. They are ready to give the alarm at the approach of an intruder. The southern ramp, though circumstances prevented its complete excavation, was found to have a similar guardian band. In the earth filling of the main pit were distributed the skeletons of dogs,

monkeys, deer, and piled one above the other in the corners, facing inwards, was a total number of thirty-four human skulls. About 50 metres from the main tomb were found seventeen small graves in four rows. They were all occupied by headless skeletons laid prone. These are the bodies of the slain victims whose skulls were piled in the king's pit.

The most important thing found in this tomb is the *ch'ing*, or musical stone, illustrated in Fig. 3. It is clearly visible in the large photograph lying on the surface of the step on the left side, a position difficult to account for in the case of so splendid an object, but a fortunate one in having eluded robbers. The stone is white marble, mottled green, measuring 33½ by 16½ ins., and just under an inch thick. Musical stones, graded in sizes to produce a scale of tones, were a feature of Chinese music in later pre-Christian times, but none had hitherto been discovered in a context indicating a Shang date. This is the largest of such stones of which we have knowledge, the oldest and the most striking in its decoration. In style and technique of execution the tiger resembles some marble-carving in the round belonging to the Shang period. The reverse side of the *ch'ing* is plain, but for some indeterminate markings which suggest that this surface also was being prepared for carving. It is now suspended in a case in the National Museum (the former Palace Museum) in Peking.

The tradition of the deep pit-tomb continued in China until the Han period, but the burial of human victims seems to have ended with the Shang. Many features of this tomb are echoed, five or six centuries later, in the Pazyryk mounds in Southern Siberia, as described in an earlier issue of *The Illustrated London News* (July 11, 1953, pages 69-71). Part of the same tradition was the burial of complete chariots, and this, too, was practised in Shang China. Five or six Shang chariot graves were excavated before the recent war, but none with contents so completely and illuminatingly preserved as those of the tomb illustrated opposite. This was excavated in 1953 at Ta Ssu K'ung Ts'un, another village included in the purlieu of the Shang capital. In other graves of this type no effort seems to have been made to keep the parts of the chariot in their correct relative positions, and they may even have been completely dismantled before burial. At Ta Ssu K'ung Ts'un, however, the chariot has been properly assembled in the pit. Channels were dug to the exact depths required to receive and support the various parts of the chariot when the driver's platform rested on the pit floor. The outlines of the structure seen on the facing page



FIG. 3. THE MOST IMPORTANT OBJECT FOUND IN THE ROYAL TOMB AT WU KUAN TS'UN: A MARBLE CH'ING, OR MUSICAL STONE—THE LARGEST SUCH STONE KNOWN AND THE OLDEST AND MOST STRIKING IN ITS DECORATION. (Length; 33½ ins.)

are formed by these channels, the widths of which are considerably greater than the timbers and wheels they were designed to receive. The tail of the shaft is slightly bent to one side, though not for any discoverable structural reason. On the other hand, the increasing depth of the shaft channel towards its forward end reflects a slight upward bend of the timber followed by another in the opposite direction to restore the horizontal line. A moulding of the lower half of one of the 18-spoked wheels was preserved in the earth on the inner face of one of the wheel pockets (Fig. 2). The diameter of the wheel is 57½ ins. and that of the nave 10½ ins., and the diameter of the spokes increases from 1½ ins. at the nave to 2 ins. at the felloe. This is a two-horse chariot, intended apparently for a single occupant, who is seen lying prone against the north side of the pit (whereas a chariot pit excavated at Hsiao T'un revealed a further two trace-horses and three human skeletons).

[Continued opposite.]



A CHINESE CHARIOTEER CAREFULLY BURIED 3000 YEARS AGO: THE REMAINS OF A CHARIOT, COMPLETE WITH HORSES, DRIVER AND WEAPONS, FOUND IN A SHANG DYNASTY GRAVE EXCAVATED AT TA SSU K'UNG TS'UN, NEAR ANYANG, IN 1953.

Continued.

The bronze parts of the chariot are clearly visible in the photograph: axle-caps, V-shaped sheaths for yokes over the horses' shoulders (Fig. 1), ornaments such as the small monster-mask lying between their heads, and rows of domed discs once attached to the reins and head straps. Of bronze pegs or angle pieces which might be expected as structural parts there is no trace. On and near the driver's platform are scattered arrow-heads, a knife, a small bell, a small socketed axe-head, and—as also in the other chariot-pit instanced above—two of the bow-shaped bronzes with U-shaped ends and jingles which have not thus far been satisfactorily explained. Having first designated them

“ornaments for the bow,” Chinese authorities now more cautiously call them “bow-shaped objects.” However improbable it may seem, it is likely that they were attached to some weapon, perhaps only for parade purposes, and that weapon can hardly have been other than the bow. Their presence in pairs and in or near the driver's box does not suggest that they had any rôle in harness or control. A similar object, but lacking the terminal jingles, is recorded from the Minusinsk region of Southern Siberia, in a context that is roughly contemporary to Shang China. Such things were perhaps known far and wide as an extravagance of the Chinese warrior.

MASTER MARINER AND NOVELIST.

"THE SEA DREAMER: A DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH CONRAD." By GERARD JEAN-AUBRY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BEFORE I go any farther I had better mention a few reservations about this, in many ways, first-class book. First, as to the translation. I do not know from whence the translator comes. Certain spellings, such as "theater," "somber" and "traveled," savour of America. But I don't think an American would call a printing-works "a print-shop," which is a very different thing; and a fine confusion on page 155 suggests an origin in some country where the terminology of the table of affinities is different from that in any country known to me. "Alexander Poradowski, cousin of Conrad's maternal grandmother," we are told, "had fled to Brussels after the failure of the insurrection of 1863. He had later married a Frenchwoman from Lille," who thus became Mme. Marguerite Poradowski, and earned a certain esteem as a novelist. Within a few lines Poradowski is referred to, first, and correctly, as Conrad's cousin, and then as his uncle; while the cousin's wife, and, later, widow, appears as, and remains, Conrad's aunt—a silly confusion which becomes distasteful when it is suggested that Conrad, at one point, was falling in love with her.

Again, the information given by the publisher about the book's history is so inadequate as to be almost non-existent. We are told that the book has been translated, and that's all. We must presume, though we are not told so, that it has been translated from the French, since M. Jean-Aubry was a Frenchman. We are not told when it was written, or when (if at all) it was published in France, or what its original title was—something less vaguely sentimental, I hope, than "The Sea Dreamer," which is most inapplicable to so courteous a gentleman, so strict a seaman, so rigorously self-disciplined an artist as Conrad. And we are not told what relation the book bears to the same author's two volumes on Conrad's "Life and Letters," which appeared in England as long as thirty years ago. Finally, it is not at all clear what it is that is supposed to justify the description of the book as "a definitive biography" which, if it suggests anything, suggests that it will not be superseded or, to any notable extent, supplemented. This I cannot believe. Much of Conrad's correspondence has been lost. His most constant correspondent during his formative years was his Uncle Thaddeus, who lived in a remote manor house in the Ukraine. The letters from him to Conrad survived, and are here freely quoted: presumably they were amongst Conrad's papers which Mrs. Conrad handed over to his faithful French disciple after Conrad's death. But Conrad's own letters to his uncle, which must have been a fascinating record of his travels and his thoughts (including, beyond doubt, his thoughts about Poland, which was never long out of his mind, intensely loyal though he became to his adopted country), were destroyed when the family abode was looted by the Russians during the First World War—a normal experience for the Polish gentry—though the looters, smashers, burners and slaughterers are as likely to be Prussians as Russians, but a poor consolation to the victims, even though they know that they themselves are inheritors of the ancient and Central

European civilisation and that the swarms who invade them are not. Nevertheless, there must still be letters from Conrad which have not been unearthed, and people whose memories of him are still untapped. These latter must be diminishing to vanishing point. This is the centenary year of Conrad's birth in exile with his poetical father, appropriately christened "Apollo Korzeniowski," who was punished by the unchanging Russian bureaucracy for being a patriot. In the nature of things most of those who knew him, or heard from him, must now be seventy or so, and, consequently, unlikely to have been intimates of a reserved man. But they may have letters still, or memories: then the neighbours around his last house in Kent (the very name of which is not, I think, mentioned in this book) used, as I can avow, to retain vivid recollections of him. And a "definitive"

(or aunt's, as Miss Sebba would put it) house in Devonshire, while I was still a schoolboy, is correct. How did "The Rescue" appear? It is often mentioned here, and, as often as not, because of the fault of the translator, the printer or an unlikely wobbling of the author, called "The Rescuer": no information is given, though I myself could have given some.

After all these grumbles, in which I hate to indulge, now as ever, I come to the main point: the book does convey an unforgettable picture of Conrad, the passionate Polish gentleman, the determined British sailor, and the unflinching artist in English prose. The author's task has, to some extent, been made easy for him by Conrad's published reminiscences and notes, as in, for example, "A Personal Record" and "The

Mirror of the Sea." It has been further facilitated by his knowledge that a great deal of Conrad's fiction was based on fact; that this sea-loving Pole fought a duel, and was wounded, in France over the honour of a young woman; that he smuggled arms to the Carlists in Spain; that "The Arrow of Gold" reflects a personal experience, and that all his voyages in the East Indies, in the swamps of the Congo (malaria never left him), to South America and elsewhere, contributed pictures to his mind, and yarns, and even living characters, some of whom appear in his books with their own names attached.

The man, the passionate Pole, the determined sea-captain (who began before the mast) and the consummate observer, tale-teller, and master of English prose (to whom Rudyard Kipling made obeisance), comes alive in these pages, etched face, monocle, outstretched pointed beard, perfect manners and all. He lived to see his country liberated, apparently: what he would think about it now I do not know. But I think that he would take the view which is taken by every Pole I know: "so long as we, or even some of us, are resolute, we shall return." The English skipper, who sailed ships through all dangers in all seas, was the same man as the Pole, who ever since the first unprincipled partitions has had to navigate as dangerously.

Until ill-health and the irresistible call of the Muse forced Conrad into a career as a professional novelist, he never thought of giving up the sea. Not long before his retirement, we are told, "Steps are being taken, he says, to find him a job in an Australian pearl fishery, and at the same time he asks his aunt if she doesn't know someone on the Suez Canal Board. He would like to know how to go about getting a position as pilot on the Canal and what salary he could expect. He would prefer Suez. The work is light, one is not too far away, and he supposes that one can earn a living at it. That is all he asks. He has lost his appetite for adventure."

Had he become a Canal pilot and lived into our time he would have been forced to admit that the appetite for adventure would have to face some unpalatable meals. Conrad was always laconic: but I can hear him on Nasser: honour was his dominant test.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 282 of this issue

TO VISIT AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.



AT CLARENCE HOUSE: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER—A BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother celebrated her fifty-seventh birthday on August 4. She spent the day at Sandringham, where she was staying with Princess Margaret for the week-end. This photograph, taken by Mr. Cecil Beaton, shows her Majesty at the desk in her study at Clarence House. On another page in this issue we publish an informal portrait of the Queen Mother in colour. It was announced at the end of July that the Queen Mother is to visit Australia and New Zealand early next year. She has accepted an invitation from the Government of New Zealand to spend about ten days in New Zealand before visiting Australia, where she will stay for about a fortnight. Her Majesty last visited New Zealand and Australia thirty years ago, when she was the Duchess of York.

book would surely give an account of the publication of his various books. There is, I admit, a full account of the career of "Almayer's Folly," his first published book. Somebody suggested his sending it to Fisher Unwin—a very prudent man who was rather unkindly known to the literary profession as Fishy Unwin—and Unwin's reader, Edward Garnett, son of a famous scholar and father of an accomplished writer of cameo stories, was enthusiastic about it. Yet Unwin dawdled and dawdled, and, in the end, when Conrad who (for all his modesty) must have known that he had produced a really beautiful and moving book, made an insistent demand that his manuscript should be returned to him, the publisher offered him £20, which he accepted. But what about the later works. When, for example, was "Typhoon" first published? One should "verify one's references" and I should like to know whether or not my apparent recollection that it gave me my first acquaintance (and an overwhelming one) with Conrad in an aged cousin's

* "The Sea Dreamer: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad." By Gérard Jean-Aubry. Translated by Helen Sebba. (Allen and Unwin; 25s.)



AT COWES, WHERE HE TOOK PART IN HIS FIRST YACHT RACE: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL IN THE DRAGON CLASS YACHT *BLUEBOTTLE* WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MR. UFFA FOX.

The eight-year-old Duke of Cornwall arrived at Cowes on August 5, and with his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, joined the Royal yacht *Britannia*. It was the Duke of Cornwall's first visit to Cowes and on August 6 he took part in his first yacht race at Cowes Regatta. The Duke of Edinburgh was at the helm during the 12-mile Dragon class race in which *Bluebottle*, one of sixteen yachts competing, came fourth. Also on board *Bluebottle* was Mr. Uffa

Fox, the well-known yacht designer, and Lieut.-Commander A. T. Easton, who is sailing master of the yacht. After the race the Duke of Cornwall was hoisted out of the cockpit on to the gunwale and he took over the tiller. Another young member of the Royal family who enjoyed Cowes Week was Prince Michael of Kent, who joined *Britannia* in time to welcome the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cornwall on their arrival.



WITH THE SUN SHINING THROUGH BILLOWING SPINNAKERS: YACHTS RACING IN THE HANDICAP (30-FT. RATING AND ABOVE) ON AUGUST 7, DURING COWES WEEK.

Cowes Week this year opened on August 3 in ideal sailing conditions. There was a fine easterly breeze and the sky above was blue, with scattered patches of cloud. The day before the sailing events began, the Royal yacht *Briannia* arrived in Cowes Roads and, as mentioned elsewhere in this issue, the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Duke of Cornwall, took part in the racing.

Another Royal visitor to Cowes was Prince Michael of Kent, who arrived in *Briannia*. Early in the week he "crewed" with Vice-Admiral Sir Conolly Abel Smith, Flag Officer Royal Yachts, in *Mariota*, and also accompanied the sailing expert Mr. Uffa Fox, who is the Duke of Edinburgh's yachting adviser. The Handicap (30-ft. rating and above), held on August 7, took

place in sailing conditions which differed sharply from those of the first four days of the week. In the morning there was a complete calm, calling for the utmost patience on the part of helmsmen and crews. In the afternoon, however, a slight breeze sprang up, and spectators were rewarded again with the sight of the sun shining through seemingly transparent spinnakers filled

with wind. The race was won by *Cynibia* (R. M. Ritchie and Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Trevor); second place was taken by *Marguerite Helena* (Mrs. M. H. Godden), and third was *Tilly Twin* (W. F. Cartwright). The special event of this day's racing was the contest for the *Briannia* Cup, one of the three events in the competition for the recently presented Admiral's Cup.



ONCE upon a time, thanks to the tiresome behaviour of Kaiser William II, I found myself headed down Channel for an unknown destination. With 4000 other young men I was put ashore at Malta, and there we remained until the last days of 1914. No doubt, had we not been so fully occupied with the war, which gave us little leisure, I should have retained a more exact recollection of the buildings, especially of those of Citta Vecchia, which enshrine the memories of the Knights of St. John who, after they had been driven from Rhodes by the Turks in 1522, were granted the Island of Malta by the Emperor Charles V in 1530. There, in 1565, under the leadership of the Grand Master, Jean de la Valette, they sustained the famous siege—an exploit which so impressed all Europe that even in England, where first Henry VIII and then Elizabeth I had confiscated the property of the Order, prayers were said for "the defenders of Christendom." In 1798 Napoleon wrote *finis* to the end of a long chapter of history. None the less, mankind likes to adapt ancient ways to modern exigencies, and something of past ceremony still clings to the British version



(Fig. 2, above, and Fig. 3, right.) RECENTLY ACQUIRED FOR THE COLLECTION AT ST. JOHN'S GATE: A PAIR OF LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTINGS, SHOWING GROUPS OF DIGNITARIES OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM IN MALTA WHICH ARE ATTRIBUTED TO THE CHEVALIER FRANCOIS ANTOINE DE FAVRAY, AND DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

of this venerable organisation, long since devoted to works of mercy not of war, which has its headquarters on the site of the original Priory in Clerkenwell and is known by the resounding title of "The Grand Priory in the British Realm of the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem."

London is full of surprising corners, and here, in Chapter Hall, Council Room and Library, you find yourself in the midst of a remarkable collection of paintings, silver, furniture, pottery and documents of the greatest interest dealing with the history of the Order from the time of the Crusades, with, naturally, particular reference to Malta. It so happens that numerous drawings and prints representing various office holders of the eighteenth century have for many years been current in the island. These all seem to have had their origin in two paintings which have been presented recently by Sir Alec and Lady Martin through the National Art-Collections Fund. Sir Hannibal Scicluna, formerly Librarian of the Royal Malta Library, attributes them to the Chevalier François Antoine de Favray, who had been a pupil of Jean François de Troy and who died in Malta in 1797. He was himself a member of the knights of Malta and left behind him many portraits of his colleagues and of the Maltese nobility. It has been possible to identify most of the dignitaries represented and many of the uniforms. Fig. 3, left to right: The Bishop of Malta. Next—The General of the Galleys, in the uniform of either the 17th or 32nd Regiment. In the background the Grand

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A SPECIALISED COLLECTION IN UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS.

Master's page. In the centre, The Grand Master, almost certainly de Rohan 1775-1797. Then the Prior of St. John's Church, Malta. The Marshal of the Order and Conventual Chaplain. In Fig. 2, the first personage on the left is unidentified but wears the uniform of the 3rd Buffs. Then a staff officer (Commodore of the Order), Captain of the Galleys (in naval uniform) and an officer of the 53rd Regiment. The centre figure is The Grand Standard Bearer; next to him the Grand Falconer in the uniform of the 12th Light Dragoons. This man's uniform fixes the date of the painting to between 1789 and 1796. The man with his back to the spectator might belong to any one of five or six regiments; the last wears the uniform of the Royal Artillery. The two pictures, therefore, whether by de Favray or a follower, represent the highest functionaries of the Order just before its dispersal, and have now found a fitting home after their discovery in Florence and several years residence in the United States.

It was only in 1874 that the Order reacquired the ancient building of St. John's Gate, and since then a succession of librarians and many generous donors have scoured Europe to recover some of the objects connected with Malta's past. There is the fine Italian cassone, for example, which bears the arms of Grand Master La Cassière, 1572-1581, which once stood in the Grand Master's bedroom in the Palace, Valetta, and a seventeenth-century Grand Master's badge in gold and enamel (Fig. 1). Devotees of Italian maiolica will find a noble array of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century pharmacy jars decorated with the armorial bearings of various Grand Masters. Going back to the pre-Malta days, there is the illuminated MS. known as the Rhodes Missal, presented to the Convent at Rhodes by the Grand Prior of St. Gilles in 1504, and the two wings of the fifteenth-century Flemish triptych (lent to the Flemish Exhibition at

and bearing the Order's eight-pointed cross behind the head of our Lord. Manuscripts include Henry VIII's warrant for the destruction of part of the church buildings; in the reign of his son Edward VI, the Regent Somerset blew up the nave, using the stone for the erection of his house in the Strand—an exploit equalled by Hitler's men, who destroyed the rebuilt church in 1941, leaving only the fine Norman crypt.

At one time the Gatehouse—built in 1504 and containing a unique circular staircase of solid blocks of oak mitred into a central newel post of



(Fig. 1.) IN THE COLLECTION AT ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL: A GOLD AND ENAMEL BADGE OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM IN MALTA.

In his article this week Frank Davis writes about the collections to be seen at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, now the Chancery of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and formerly the gate of the Priory of that Order. These collections are shown to the public by appointment—on weekdays from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Saturdays at 3 p.m. Applications for appointments should be addressed to the Curator, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.



Burlington House in 1953), which was probably presented to the Church about 1480 by the Grand Prior John Weston to commemorate the victory of the Order at Rhodes that year. The central portion has disappeared, but the two wings were preserved at Milton Abbas, Dorset, until 1932, when the Order was able to regain them.

There is a collection of silver from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, of which every piece, with only one or two exceptions, bears the assay mark of successive Grand Masters at Malta, and a remarkable series of coins—or, rather, a double series, the one complementary to the other. The first is composed of the Order's own coinage, first minted when the Knights conquered Rhodes and continued until the loss of Malta: the earliest coin is dated 1317, the latest 1798, the year the Knights were expelled by Napoleon. The second series is of the coins of the various Crusader Kingdoms of the Near East. Two early silver pieces are of exceptional importance—one a silver-gilt chalice, Spanish and early sixteenth-century, the other the processional cross used on all ceremonial occasions—Italian, late fifteenth-century

chestnut—housed the offices of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and is consequently of some interest to Johnsonians—and good Johnsonians, among whom I am not numbered, are invariably thrilled to the marrow when they stand in any room which may have echoed to the sound of that booming voice. Of more interest, as far as I am concerned, is the tradition that it was here that Henry VIII met the Grand Master de L'Isle Adam and Wolsey executed the deed whereby the Order sold to him the Manor of Hampton, whereon he built Hampton Court Palace. None the less, it is a place where the long history of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem can be studied from every possible angle which gives the building its importance, and, as such, it is unequalled anywhere except by the Royal Library at Valetta.

A SILENT WITNESS OF RECORD FLIGHTS: THE CAMERA IN THE SERVICE OF GLIDING.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SEQUENCE TAKEN BY MR. PHILIP WILLS OF HIS FLIGHT ON JUNE 23: THE OFFICIAL OBSERVER, MR. M. LAURIE, AND MRS. KITTY WILLS, WITH THE SKYLARK III SAILPLANE IN WHICH HE FLEW.



THE FIRST TURNING-POINT IN THE INITIAL TRIANGLE ON THE FLIGHT FROM LASHAM: THE RAILWAY CROSSING THE RIVER CUCKMERE (RIGHT), NEAR FIRLE BEACON, WHICH IS SOME 7 MILES NORTH-WEST OF EASTBOURNE.



(Above.) THE SECOND TURNING-POINT, WHERE MR. WILLS TOOK HIS DECISION TO ATTEMPT THE 500 KM. DIAMOND FLIGHT: THE CONTROL AREA (CENTRE) AT TARRANT RUSH-TON AIRFIELD, NEAR BLANDFORD FORUM, DORSET. MR. WILLS DID NOT ACHIEVE HIS DIAMOND FLIGHT BUT COVERED 280 MILES.

ON June 23 Mr. Philip Wills, the world-famous glider pilot who won the Individual World Championship at Madrid in 1952, made his most recent attempt at a gliding achievement that has so far eluded all British pilots—the 500-km. Diamond flight in the United Kingdom. In perfect conditions Mr. Wills' *Skylark III* was released over Lasham, Hampshire, at 11.15 a.m., but after nearly seven hours aloft "the air started to die" and Mr. Wills landed at the little Cornish village of St. Kew Highway, having covered 447 km. (280 miles). Though he had again failed to achieve the 500-km. Diamond flight, Mr. Wills' attempt was the longest glider flight ever made in the United Kingdom, and should make him a strong claimant for the 1957 Wakefield Trophy, an award given for the longest solo flight recorded each year. We are fortunate in being able to reproduce a number of photographs from

[Continued opposite.]



(Above.) THE FINAL PHOTOGRAPH IN THE SEQUENCE: THE DERIGGED SKYLARK IN THE GARDEN OF A BUNGALOW AT ST. KEW HIGHWAY, NEAR WADEBRIDGE. MR. WILLS LANDED IN A FIELD BEHIND THE BUNGALOW AND ITS OCCUPANTS (SEEN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH) WITNESSED HIS LANDING.



A REMARKABLE ENCOUNTER SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING TARRANT RUSHTON: A BUZZARD FLYING UNDER THE WELL-FORMED CUMULUS CLOUD AT 5000 FT.

Continued.] the film which Mr. Wills took during this flight. Such photographs are used as evidence when claims for a gliding record or trophy are considered. The photographs have to be on a single roll of film which must be unloaded by an official observer—and must not be cut until examined by the homologation committee of the British Gliding Association. The first photograph in the sequence (top left) shows the official observer at the start with the sailplane in which the flight is made. The following photographs must show the various turning points reached during the flight. After landing in Cornwall Mr. Wills, with his camera by him, started the long journey home and it was left to his wife, Mrs. Kitty Wills, to undertake the heavy task of the long retrieve—a task to which she is well accustomed after having driven over 120,000 miles on similar assignments.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ALMOST all my life it has been my good fortune to live in districts where that loveliest of British wild plants, the Meadow Cranesbill, *Geranium pratense*, grew

in abundance. I met it first when a schoolboy in the Craven Highlands of West Yorkshire, and when I first came upon a great roadside bed of the plant in full flower I could hardly believe that those great saucer blossoms, blue, with a wash of violet, and delicately veined, could really belong to an English wild plant, a wayside weed. It seemed more like some choice, exotic treasure escaped from captivity in somebody's garden. But wild it was, of course, and, as often happens with this species, it was extremely abundant—locally. In the localities that it chooses for colonisation, it usually occurs in great abundance, but outside those particular districts you may travel for miles, through county after county, and never meet a single specimen. As far as I can remember it has always been on chalk or limy formations that I have found it, though in the garden the plant appears to be indifferent as to the presence or absence of lime in the soil.

During the forty or so years that I lived and gardened at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, I only remember finding the Meadow Cranesbill in one place. A small colony grew on the banks of a deep ditch in a meadow not a hundred yards from my house. How and when that small, isolated colony came to be there I can not imagine. I remember a botanist friend was staying with us on one occasion, and he seemed very surprised when I told him about Meadow Cranesbill growing in that particular locality. In fact, he was obviously sceptical, in a veiled, polite sort of way. So although it was early spring I went out to try to locate a plant with which to convince my friend. It was a Sunday morning, and it took me the best part of an hour to find a still dormant, leafless root deep among the rough meadow grass. During this search I noticed that I was being closely watched by a couple of village louts of a particularly unpleasant type, so, having at last found my Cranesbill, I decided to give the lads an interesting occupation to be going on with. In passing them I told them that if they should come upon a small green leather wallet with a few pawn-tickets and two-pounds-ten in notes in it, I would be awfully obliged if they would bring it along to my house. Please note, I did not say that I had lost such a wallet. But the conclusion they came to after spying upon my searching, kept them happy and out of mischief for the rest of that Sunday, and for many hours, on and off, for several days after. Cad! But they were a bad type.

Although the Meadow Cranesbill grows in great abundance for miles around where I now live in the Cotswolds, I have taken pains to encourage it to grow in rough grass and odd corners in my garden, and, in a low stone wall supporting higher ground, a self-sown seedling has sprung up, and flowers most beautifully close to the kitchen door.

Apart, however, from the normal wild type of *Geranium pratense*, I have a variety with flowers of a very attractive silvery lavender-blue, pale and luminous, which I collected thirty or so years ago near the little walled city of Mt. Louis, in the Eastern Pyrenees. This seeds about my garden, coming up in all sorts of unexpected but mostly pleasant places, and it comes surprisingly

MEADOW CRANESBILL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

true to colour. For specimens which come up in awkward places, it is usually easy to find gardening friends who are glad to dig them up and carry them off. One seedling from my pale Meadow Cranesbill has flowers with a slight wash

of pink in their lavender blue, and I plan to collect and sow a batch of its seeds in the hope that in the next generation of seedlings there may appear a specimen

showing still more pink. With luck, a few generations of careful selection might produce a really true pink-flowered specimen. It is thus that many fine garden plants have been evolved, and a pure pale rose-pink Meadow Cranesbill would surely be a very well-worth-while garden plant.

There is a form of *Geranium pratense* with double flowers, a handsome border plant, growing about 2 ft. tall, the heads of the many-petalled pompom blossoms appearing to be rather darker in tone than the wild single type. It is to be found in the catalogues of most of the herbaceous plant nurserymen. I once found a colony of this double Meadow Cranesbill growing together with the normal single type in a roadside meadow in South-Western Scotland, and growing, as it was, in sparsely populated country, and a mile or two from any farm or habitation, it seemed fairly certain that it was a spontaneous occurrence, and not in any way an escape from cultivation. The double-flowered specimens stood out very conspicuously among the singles. A form, *Geranium pratense* var. *bicolor striatum*, in which some of the flowers are white, some blue, and some half-blue and half-white, has been recorded. I have never met this freak, and can not say that I particularly want to possess it. In fact, the only advantage of possessing such a thing, as far as I can see, would lie in the continual unpossessing oneself to the sort of visitors who like that sort of thing. I feel sure there would be no lack of them.

A purely white-flowered variety of *Geranium pratense* is also recorded, but until a week or two ago I had never seen it. Then, when motoring from my home to Wales, I noticed a plant or two of this albino, growing in the roadside grass. It stood out very conspicuously in comparison with the great quantities of the blue-flowered type which we had been passing. I hesitated about stopping, and going back to examine the plant and perhaps collecting a root to add to my collection. But hesitating I was lost, and decided to get it on my way home three days later. That, of course, is a fatal mistake for any plant collector to make. During all the years that I have been collecting plants I have made it a rule never to leave a really desirable plant to collect "on my way home." For so many reasons that later opportunity never occurs. And so it was with the white Meadow Cranesbill. Three days later we came home by a different route.

About a week later, however, I found myself, quite unexpectedly, being motored to another part of Wales and setting out by the geranium route, and had no difficulty in again spotting my albino friend by the wayside. This was more than I really deserved. There were several good hearty clumps of the plant, and I had come provided not only with a trowel, but a polythene bag as well. It was fortunate that I collected a small portion of one of the clumps on the outward journey. We passed the spot on our homeward journey at 2 a.m. in a downpour of heavy rain, ten miles from home. A few hundred yards from the haunt of the white geranium we ran out of petrol. All that is another story, though it goes to emphasise the importance of never leaving a good plant to be collected "on the way home."



"I MET IT FIRST WHEN A SCHOOLBOY . . . I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THAT THOSE GREAT SAUCER BLOSSOMS, BLUE, WITH A WASH OF VIOLET, AND DELICATELY VEINED, COULD REALLY BELONG TO AN ENGLISH WILD PLANT, A WAYSIDE WEED!"
MEADOW CRANESBILL, *GERANIUM PRATENSE*.

From a colour plate in William Curtis's "Flora Londinensis," Volume I, reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

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AT LASHAM: SOME SAILPLANES IN THE 1957 NATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS.



BEING FLOWN BY WING COMMANDER KEARON: AN *OLYMPIA*, OF 49-FT. SPAN, PRODUCED BY ELLIOTTS OF NEWBURY.



PILOTED BY COMMANDER G. A. J. GOODHART: THE *OLYMPIA* 403, THE NEWEST SAILPLANE TO COMPETE IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.



A *WEIHE* AT LASHAM. MR. WILLS ESTABLISHED THE BRITISH GAIN OF HEIGHT RECORD IN A *WEIHE* IN 1954.



THE LAST SAILPLANE OF ITS TYPE STILL FLYING IN THIS COUNTRY: A *PETREL*, OF 59-FT. SPAN, IN WHICH MR. J. E. TORODE AND TWO PARTNERS COMPETED AT LASHAM. IT HAS A REMARKABLE LOW-SPEED PERFORMANCE.



FLOWN ALTERNATIVELY BY MR. PETER SCOTT AND MR. PETER COLLIER: A SLINGSBY T-42 TWO-SEATER *EAGLE* SAILPLANE OF 58-FT. SPAN.



SHOWING THE SLEEK LINES OF ITS LAMINAR-FLOW WINGS AMID THE CUMULUS CLOUDS: A SLINGSBY *SKYLARK III* OF 59-FT. SPAN, FLOWN BY MR. D. H. G. INCE.

The National Gliding Championships, held at Lasham, Hampshire, from July 28 until August 5, represented the largest gliding meeting ever held anywhere in the world. The winner of the championships was Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Deane-Drummond, who was awarded the Londonderry Cup. He flew a Slingsby *Skylark III* sailplane in League I, which class, with twenty-six entrants, represented the elite of the gliding world. With a total score of 547 points, he was followed closely by Commander H. C. N. Goodhart, R.N.,



AT LASHAM: MR. S. MORISON FLYING THE SHORT *NIMBUS* TWO-SEATER. NOTE THE LOW ATTACHMENT OF THE WING ROOTS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FUSELAGE.

with 537 points, also flying a *Skylark III*. The latter's brother, Commander G. A. J. Goodhart, R.N., flying the new *Olympia* 403, came third with 515 points. In League II, with forty-four entrants, the Furlong Trophy was won by Mr. Edward Day, of the Kent Gliding Club, who had 499 points. He was followed by Mr. J. K. Mackenzie, with 445, and Mr. R. Rutherford, with 403. The newest sailplane seen at Lasham was the *Olympia* 403, and the oldest was a *Petrel* of pre-war design. (Photographs by Charles E. Brown.)

SOON TO BE SEEN IN CANADA AND THE U.S.A.



"THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AS A CHILD," BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). THE DUKE, SEEN HERE WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TEN, WAS THE YOUNGEST SON OF GEORGE II. (Oil on canvas; 17½ by 13½ ins.) (Lord Glenconner, London.)



"BENJAMIN VAUGHAN," BY FRANCIS COTES (c. 1725-70): ONE OF THE WORKS LENT BY A U.S. MUSEUM. (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40 ins.) (The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)



"QUEEN CHARLOTTE": A PORTRAIT BY ALLAN RAMSAY PROBABLY PAINTED SOON AFTER THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE TO GEORGE III IN 1761. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (The Countess of Seafield, Cullen.)



"PRINCESS MARY" (FOURTH DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III), BY JOHN HOPPNER (c. 1758-1810). (Oil on canvas; 36 by 25 ins.) (Reproduced by Gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"DAVID GARRICK AS 'KITELEY'"; PAINTED IN 1768 BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-92), AND PROBABLY GIVEN BY HIM TO EDMUND BURKE. (Oil on canvas; 30½ by 25 ins.) (Reproduced by Gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"ARTHUR ATHERLEY AS AN ETONIAN," BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE (1769-1830): A VIEW OF ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL IS SEEN IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE. (Oil on canvas; 49½ by 39½ ins.) (Los Angeles County Museum.)

FINE 18TH-CENTURY BRITISH PORTRAITS AT THE TATE.



"THE DUKE OF KENT AS A CHILD": A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S FATHER BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-84). (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40 ins.) (Reproduced by Gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



"SAMUEL WHITBREAD": A STRIKING ETON "LEAVING" PORTRAIT BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). (Oil on canvas; 32 by 28 ins.) (The Provost and Fellows of Eton College.)



"MISS THEOPHILA PALMER": A PORTRAIT OF ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE NIECES BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, WHICH WAS EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. IN 1771. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 24½ ins.) (The Trustees of Lord Hillingdon, Kelvedon.)

The four paintings lent by H.M. the Queen head the list of works from many public and private collections in Great Britain which are now to be seen at the Tate Gallery in the British Council's exhibition of "British Painting in the Eighteenth Century"—an exhibition which, with a number of additions from collections in North America (two of these are reproduced here), will be shown in Canada and the United States. Though this notable selection includes several well-known masterpieces, there are also many

pictures which have not often been seen in public, among them fine examples by the less famous artists whose work is little known outside this country. The exhibition provides a magnificent survey of the great achievements of British painting in the gracious years of the eighteenth century—achievements among which portraits such as those seen here hold a high place. Four further works from this exhibition—two by Gainsborough, a Wilson and a Stubbs—will be reproduced in colour in our issue of September 21.

18TH-CENTURY BRITISH MASTERPIECES: EXHIBITS BOUND FOR NORTH AMERICA.



"GENERAL RICHARD ONSLOW INSPECTING THE HORSE GRENADIER GUARDS," BY JOHN WOOTTON (D. 1756): IN THE SUPERB BRITISH COUNCIL EXHIBITION OF "BRITISH PAINTING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY." (Oil on canvas; 74 by 82 ins.) (Leggatt Brothers, London.)



"WILLIAM EVELYN OF ST. CLERE, KENT," BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806). THIS EXHIBITION IS TO BE SEEN AT THE TATE GALLERY BEFORE BEING SHOWN IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. (Oil on canvas; 39½ by 34 ins.) (The John Evelyn Collection, Stonor Park.)



"AN ENGAGEMENT OF THE 'ROYAL FAMILY' PRIVATEERS," BY CHARLES BROOKING (c. 1723-59), WHOSE WORK IS NOW BEING RECOGNISED AS THE BEST OF THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH MARINE ARTISTS. (Oil on canvas; 23 by 32½ ins.) (Sir Bruce Ingram, Chesham.)



"CYRUS LIBERATING THE FAMILY OF ASTYAGES," BY BENJAMIN WEST (1738-1820), WHO WAS BORN IN PENNSYLVANIA AND SETTLED IN LONDON, WHERE HE WAS PATRONISED BY GEORGE III. (Oil on canvas; 41 by 54 ins.) (Reproduced by Gracious Permission of her Majesty the Queen.)



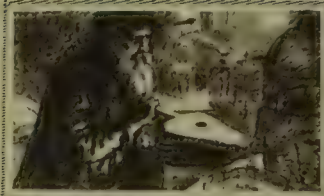
"THE HARLOWE FAMILY": A VIVID ILLUSTRATION OF A SCENE IN SAMUEL RICHARDSON'S "CLARISSA HARLOWE," BY JOSEPH HIGHMORE (1692-1780). (Oil on canvas; 24½ by 29½ ins.) (Lord Glenconner, London.)



"CROSSING THE FORD": ONE OF THE EIGHT LANDSCAPES IN THE GROUP OF FIFTEEN PAINTINGS BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-88) WHICH WILL BE SEEN IN THE FULL EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 39 by 49 ins.) (Mrs. H. Scudamore, London.)

The coincidence of an exceptional number of talented artists with the existence of widespread and enlightened patronage made the eighteenth century perhaps the greatest age for the arts in these islands. Some of the finest works of this era are to be seen in the magnificent exhibition of "British Painting in the Eighteenth Century," which has been arranged by the British Council. Some seventy of the eighty-six paintings which comprise the full exhibition are now to be seen in London, at the Tate

Gallery, until August 25. These pictures are then to be sent across the Atlantic to join those from North American collections, and will be shown three times in Canada—at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts from October 3 to November 3; at the National Gallery of Canada, in Ottawa, from November 15 to December 15; and at the Art Gallery of Toronto from January 10, 1958, to February 16—and once in the United States—at the Toledo Museum of Art from February 22 to March 30.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WE were sitting in the garden, enjoying the sunshine, and idly watching the blackbirds and thrushes, both of which were busy on the lawn collecting worms. It was, then, the breeding season for the birds, and one after another would come on to the lawn, and in their usual manner stop, cock the head on one side, as if listening, grab the unfortunate worm, play tug-of-war with it, and finally pull it from its burrow, throwing it on to the surface of the ground. After that the bird would pick up the worm and repeat the operation, as if battering it into insensibility.

So matters went on until the beak held half-a-dozen worms, and the black-bird, or thrush, as the case might be, would fly off to the nest hidden somewhere in the trees or the hedges, to feed the open mouths waiting there. Watching this, one phrase came insistently into my mind: "The pressure of natural selection."

It is the accepted principle to-day that the evolution of plants and animals has been brought about almost entirely by the emergence of random mutations acted upon by natural selection. That is to say, in every litter or brood of every species, or in every batch of seeds, there are differences. Some differences give advantages to individuals in the struggle for life; others give disadvantages. And it is the pressure of natural selection, from enemies, from physical rigours and the like, that weeds out those things having disadvantages, leaving behind those individuals possessing advantages towards survival. In passing them on to their progeny the continuation of these advantages is ensured, and by an accumulative tendency through successive generations intensification of the advantages results. We speak, therefore, of evolution being largely a matter of the pressure of natural selection.

If ever a group of species enjoyed the pressure of natural selection, it must surely be the earthworms, of which there are nearly a score of different kinds in this country alone. Here, in front of us, we were seeing only one facet of the attack made upon them by predators. In the course of a nesting season, as well as during the rest of the year, thrushes and blackbirds must consume a very large number per acre of territory. But they are not the only ones in the attack; many other birds take earthworms, either as a fairly substantial part of the diet or only occasionally. Even owls are known to eat them. They form the main food of moles. Badgers eat them, shrews eat them, hedgehogs, too, even foxes on occasion. There is as well a carnivorous slug which feeds on earthworms. No doubt the list could be extended almost indefinitely. Here, then, is the situation: that the worm population in any acre of ground is beset by enemies below ground and above ground.

Presumably this heavy pressure of predators—this pressure of natural selection—is counter-balanced by the fecundity of the earthworms. Here again, we have to grope, for assessments of their numbers and populations have given widely different results, from less than 500,000 per acre to 5,000,000.

If we are to suppose that the pressure of natural selection is operating on the earthworm

EARTHWORMS UNDER PRESSURE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

populations to-day, then it is interesting to speculate on what, from a worm's point of view, is advantageous for survival. It might be speed in withdrawing into the burrow, or it might be the tendency to tunnel more deeply into the earth. There are obvious disadvantages in the latter, for presumably one reason why a worm comes to the surface is partly to breathe the air and partly to discharge its refuse. It may even be that the movement up and down the burrows within the

all species it is stronger in the hind part of the body than in the head end. If more than a few rings or segments at the head end are removed there is no regrowth and the worm dies. In most species, more segments can be lost from the tail end and the worm will not only survive the loss, but will re-grow the lost part.

During the last few weeks, a high proportion of earthworms in my garden have shown what appears to be a new tail growing. At the hind end the body suddenly narrows and beyond this is a part differing markedly from the rest in diameter. This narrower part looks like a re-grown tail, and reminds one forcibly of the lizard's tail being re-grown after loss. I believe this appearance is commonly noticed at this time of the year and that it is generally accepted as a regeneration following injury from a predator. This doubtless seems to give general support to the idea that a worm's ability to regenerate is one of the chief factors having a survival value, and therefore is the worm's answer, so to speak, to the pressure of natural selection.

I find it difficult to accept this for two reasons more especially. The first concerns the circumstances in which the worms were living at the time. For some weeks now we have had a mole in captivity. This has meant digging each day for worms to feed the mole. For several weeks there had been no rain, and most of the worms were deep in the earth and tightly coiled. Nor were they seen much on the surface at night. They were, in fact, snug in their hide-outs, yet a high proportion of them had "regenerated" tails. It is hard to believe so many all at once were suffering from attacks of predators, especially at a time when they were lying up, and when some of the predators must have been turning to an alternative source of food.

My second objection is that few predators, according to my observations, seize an earthworm by the tail. Birds take them by the head or middle of the body for the simple reason that the tail is anchored in the burrow. Moles, as we have seen repeatedly lately, pin a worm down with both hands before bringing the mouth into action, and once this happens there is no escape for the worm. From such observations I would say it is very unusual for a worm to be seized by the tail. Certainly it is not sufficiently usual to result in so many having "regenerated" tails all at once.

Rain has fallen since these "regenerated" tails were first noticed, and worms are more active and more plentiful near the surface. Moreover, fewer of them now have the narrow tips to the hind end of the body, and in those that have them the tip is now more nearly the diameter of the rest of the body. The more likely explanation seems, as has been suggested to me, that this is a process of growth in length. It may be periodic or it may be seasonal. Not enough is known about it to decide. Sufficient is known, from my observation alone, to discount any idea that it is a regeneration comparable to that of a lizard's tail, or that it would have anything to do with the pressure of natural selection, even if, at first glance, this seems an obvious answer.



IN DRY WEATHER EARTHWORMS COIL UP, AS SEEN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH, AND REMAIN IN THEIR HIDE-OUTS WELL BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND.

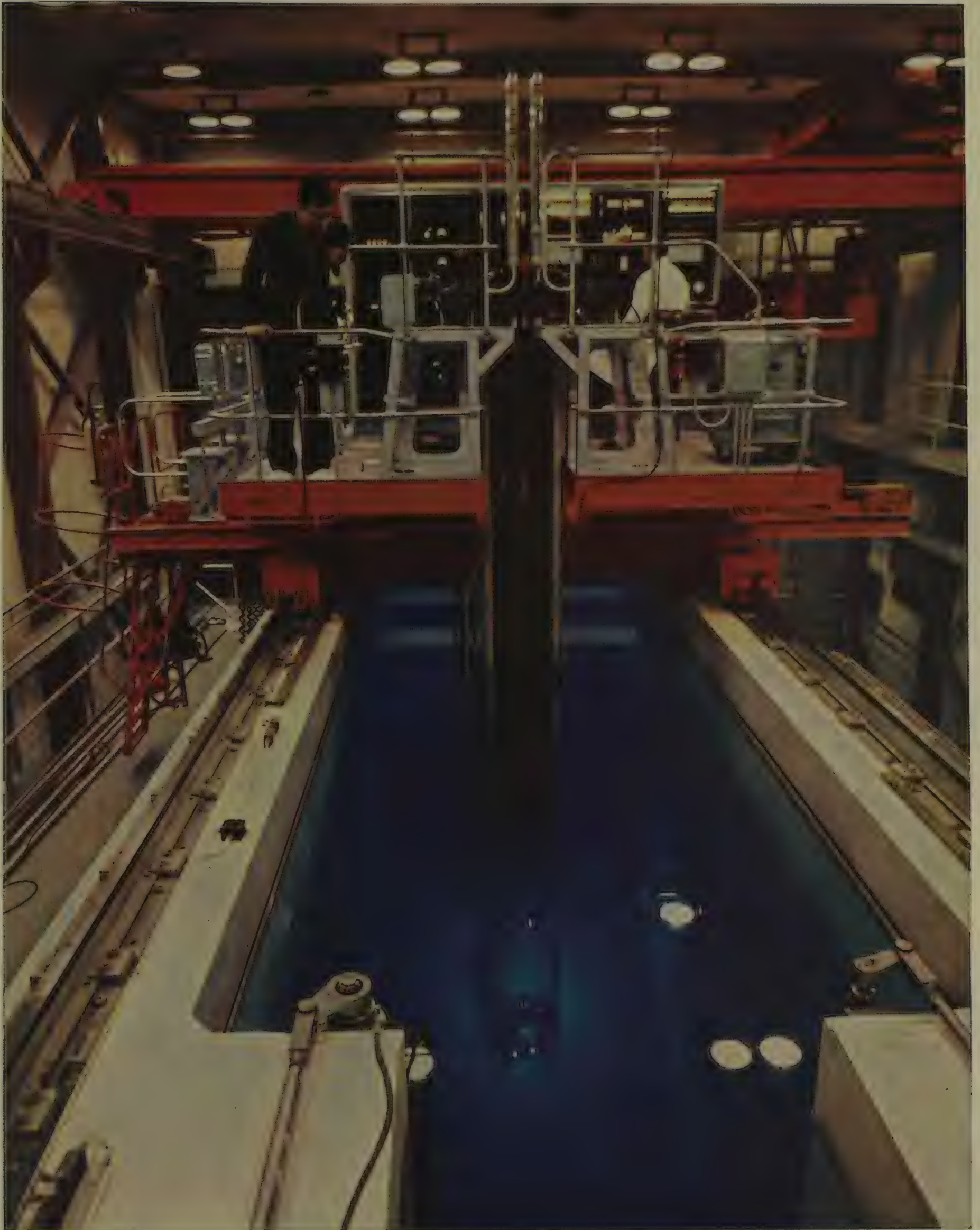


IN MID-SUMMER: AN EARTHWORM SHOWING A SLENDER TIP TO ITS BODY, AS IF GROWING A NEW TAIL. AT FIRST GLANCE THIS LOOKS LIKE REGENERATION FOLLOWING INJURY, BUT THIS IS UNLIKELY. A MORE FEASIBLE SUGGESTION IS THAT IT IS PART OF THE PROCESS OF GROWTH IN LENGTH OF THE BODY.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

earth by the individual earthworms is necessary to aerate those burrows. At all events, we may assume that, since they do habitually come to the surface, or come to the mouths of their burrows, in spite of this relentless pressure of natural selection, there must be a very good reason for their doing so.

It is usually assumed that it is, above all, the power of regeneration that has served earthworms well in this matter of survival. They have this power, but to a more limited extent than is usually supposed, certainly to nothing like the extent implied in the remark that if you cut an earthworm into two you get two earthworms. This power of regeneration varies with the species. In



HELPING TO DEVELOP A NUCLEAR MARINE ENGINE : "LIDO," A NEW RESEARCH REACTOR AT HARWELL.

The latest research reactor at Harwell is a swimming-pool-type reactor and is appropriately named "Lido." It first came into operation on the night of September 20-21 last year and is intended primarily for research on anti-radiation protective shielding. "Lido" will play an important part in the development of the propulsion units for the first British nuclear submarine and the first nuclear-powered surface vessels, providing information about the kind of shielding which will be necessary to protect crews from radiation. The reactor is low-powered and the heat and radiation from it are absorbed by the purified water of the "swimming-pool," which can be seen in the

illustration. A spectacular feature of the reactor is the Cerenkov radiation the light blue glow in the pool of water which is caused by the interaction of the radiation with the water atoms. The enriched-uranium fuel elements of the reactor are suspended in the tank of water. The detailed design and construction of the reactor was carried out by a joint Naval and Atomic Energy Research Establishment team, in association with Vickers-Armstrongs (Barrow) Ltd., Ericssons Telephones Ltd., Rolls-Royce Ltd., and Marston Excelsior, and the buildings, including the reactor tank, were constructed by the Ministry of Works.

"PHŒNIX REBORN": UNIQUE COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF "ANTING" WITH FIRE.



AS SOON AS THE STRAW IS FIRED, NIGER THE ROOK FLIES TO THE PLATFORM AND SPREADS HIS WINGS OVER THE FLAMES IN THE ANTING POSTURE.



SOME OF THE BURNING STRAW FALLS TO THE GROUND; AND THE ROOK FOLLOWS IT AND THERE GOES INTO THE ANTING DISPLAY ONCE MORE.



THE ROOK, HAVING TAKEN A BEAKFUL OF FLAME, ABOUT TO PASS HIS BEAK UP AND DOWN THE INSIDE OF THE FULLY-SPREAD WING.



ALTHOUGH MUCH OF THE ACTION IS RAPID, THERE ARE BRIEF PAUSES IN WHICH THE ROOK HOLDS A STATUESQUE, PHŒNIX-LIKE POSE.

IN *The Illustrated London News* of July 6 this year, photographs were shown which suggested that the legend of the phoenix might be related to a particular behaviour of birds which has been known for some years as anting. In this, a bird can be seen to pick up an ant in its bill, go into a stereotyped posture, and pass the bill rapidly up and down along the inside of the spread wings. The posture includes spreading the wings sideways and forwards and turning the tail to the side and slightly under the body. Anting has also been seen with a number of pungent or aromatic substances taking the place of ants. Such substances include lemon juice, moth-balls, vinegar, cigar-ends and the like. Smoke from chimneys, the heat of a fire and burning

[Continued opposite.



A JAY, MAGNIFICENT IN THE ANTING POSTURE, WITH SPREAD WINGS AND CANTED TAIL, PASSING AN ANT HELD IN ITS BEAK INSIDE THE FORWARD-CURVING WINGS.

Colour photographs by Jane Burton.

[Continued.]

materials, as shown here, will also induce anting. The presence of such substances, when a bird is in the mood to ant, seems to be irresistible. When naked flames induce anting, a bird will poise itself over the flames with spread wings and apparently take no harm. The beak fills with saliva, the third eyelid (nictitating membrane) is drawn over the eye, and the fanning action of the wings seems to keep the flames from too close contact with the plumage. It is not yet possible to explain this phenomenon, but many features of the posture and of the movement of the head have much in common with preening movements, and this remarkable display may be no more than a preening action carried out at a high intensity.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



BEFORE SWIMMING THE BRISTOL CHANNEL IN RECORD TIME: MISS F. CHADWICK.

Miss Florence Chadwick, of the U.S., who is seen above shaking hands with the Mayor of Weston-super-Mare, swam the Bristol Channel in the record time of 6 hrs. 7 mins. on the night of August 4-5.



A WELL-KNOWN BREEDER OF ARAB HORSES DIES: LADY WENTWORTH. Baroness Wentworth, a great authority on Arab horses and one of the world's leading breeders of the species, died aged eighty-four, on August 8. A temperamental personality, she was the daughter of the poet Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, and descended from Lord Byron. She was a champion royal tennis player and also a good squash player. The title descends to her son, the 4th Earl of Lytton.



A SUCCESSFUL COMPETITOR AT THE BRITISH PISTOL CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT BISLEY: MR. NEAVE PARKER. Mr. Neave Parker, whose drawings are well known to our readers, scored several successes at the British Pistol Championship Meeting, which ended at Bisley on August 5. He won the 50 metres Free Pistol Championship.



(Left.) THE NEW PRIMATE OF GREECE: BISHOP THEOKLITOS. Bishop Theoklitos, Metropolitan of Patras, was elected Archbishop of Athens and Primate of Greece on August 7 in succession to Archbishop Dorotheos, who died recently. In his first message, he said he would strive for the freedom of Cyprus, as his predecessors had done. The election was made by fifty-nine bishops.

(Right.) REPRIEVED: GASTON DOMINICI, WHO WAS CONDEMNED FOR THE DRUMMOND MURDERS. The death sentence passed in November 1954 on Gaston Dominici, the eighty-year-old Provençal farmer, for the murder of Sir Jack and Lady Drummond and their daughter, has been commuted to one of life imprisonment. The news of the reprieve was published just five years after the murder.



THE END OF A COMEDY PARTNERSHIP: OLIVER HARDY (RIGHT), OF LAUREL AND HARDY, DIES. Oliver Hardy, the American comedian who, with his English-born partner Stan Laurel, became world-famous in the cinema and the music-hall, died at the age of sixty-five in Hollywood on August 7. Laurel, who was frequently the victim in Laurel and Hardy slapstick situations, had been with his partner for over thirty years and they had made some 200 films together.

(Right.) THE OMAN CAMPAIGN: BRIGADIER J. A. R. ROBERTSON. The British commander in the field in the ground operations against the rebels in Oman is Brig. J. A. R. Robertson. Brig. Robertson formerly commanded the 51st Infantry Brigade in the Middle East, and since the war has held appointments in the War Office and in B.A.O.R. During the war he commanded a Gurkha Regiment.



(Left.) ARCTIC EXPLORER DIES IN GREENLAND: MR. M. F. W. HOLLAND. Mr. M. F. W. Holland, who was a tutorial research fellow in geography at Bedford College, London University, lost his life in a blizzard last month while taking part in a Danish expedition to Greenland in connection with the I.G.Y. Mr. Holland, who was 29, had taken part in a number of Arctic expeditions.



MARRIED IN PUERTO RICO: SENOR PABLO CASALS, THE SPANISH 'CELLIST, AND MARTA MONTANEZ. It was announced on August 5 that the eighty-year-old Spanish 'cellist, Pablo Casals, had married one of his pupils, Marta Montanez, a twenty-one-year-old Puerto Rican, at "a simple and quiet ceremony" at Señor Casal's home outside San Juan, Puerto Rico, on August 3. Afterwards the bride and bridegroom left for Europe.



THE MALAYA CHIEF MINISTER'S WIFE: SHARIFFAH RODZIAH. Shariffah Rodziah is the wife of the Chief Minister of the elected, inter-racial Alliance Government of Malaya. The Federation gains independence on August 31, when the Chief Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, will take on increased responsibilities. (The new Head of State, Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, has the same name.)



A B.O.A.C. CRASH-LANDING: CAPTAIN F. K. BAINBRIDGE. Captain F. K. Bainbridge was the pilot of the B.O.A.C. Constellation arriving from Singapore which made a crash landing because of a faulty undercarriage at London Airport on August 11. The airliner was carrying seventeen passengers, but there were no casualties. Captain Bainbridge's wife witnessed the landing.



WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER: THE NEW BRITISH GLIDING CHAMPION, LIEUT.-COL. A. J. DEANE-DRUMMOND. The new British gliding champion, Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Deane-Drummond, was awarded the Londonderry Cup on August 5 as winner of the National Gliding Championships at Lasham. Colonel Deane-Drummond, who comes from Church Crookham, Hampshire, is forty. He scored 547 points out of a maximum of 600 points.



LEAVING FOR SCOTLAND WITH HER TWO SEALYHAMS: PRINCESS MARGARET WALKING TO HER CARRIAGE IN THE ABERDONIAN AT KING'S CROSS STATION.

The Royal family are now in Scotland for their annual holiday there. The Queen, with Princess Anne, arrived at Ballater on August 8, after an overnight journey from London in the Royal train. Princess Margaret, who was to have flown to Scotland with the Queen Mother on August 9, travelled instead in the overnight express because of poor weather conditions. The Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cornwall, after their yachting holiday at Cowes, left London for Balmoral in the night train on August 10 with the Queen Mother who went to the Castle of Mey, in Caithness.

ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.



ON HER WAY TO EUSTON WITH THE QUEEN: PRINCESS ANNE WAVING GAILY TO THE CROWDS AS THE ROYAL CAR LEFT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



HOLDING THE CORGI'S LEAD: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT EUSTON STATION BEFORE LEAVING FOR SCOTLAND WITH HIS FATHER, AND THE QUEEN MOTHER.

(Right.)

AT THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD: A SCENE DURING THE FLORAL DANCE AT LLANGFNI, ANGLESEY, WHEN WILD FLOWERS WERE PRESENTED TO THE ARCH-DRUID, THE REV. WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Royal National Eisteddfod began at Llangfni, Anglesey, on August 5. After the opening ceremony, presided over by Dr. T. H. Parry-Williams, at which prayers were offered by the Archdruid, the Rev. William Morris, the competitions began. On August 6 the bardic crown was awarded to Mr. Dyfnallt Morgan for a verse play entitled "Between Two." The Rev. Gwilym R. Tilsley, a Methodist minister from Llanrwst, won the Bardic chair on August 8 for his ode about a Welsh valley's difficulties. It was his second National Eisteddfod chair. He was awarded his first at Caerphilly in 1950 when he won with an ode "The Coalminer."



DURING A CRICKET MATCH AT ARUNDEL CASTLE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING BOWLED BY G. TRIBE FOR 21 RUNS.

The Duke of Edinburgh captained a cricket XI against a team captained by the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle on August 4. The match, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, was drawn. The Duke of Edinburgh scored 21 and took four wickets for 60.



WATCHED BY NEARLY 30,000 SPECTATORS AT ARUNDEL CASTLE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BOWLING IN THE MATCH AGAINST THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S XI.

OPERA ON A GIGANTIC SCALE: THE 35TH SEASON IN THE ARENA OF VERONA.



TYPICAL OF THE FABULOUS OPERATIC PRODUCTIONS IN THE ARENA OF VERONA: THE LAST ACT OF VERDI'S "NABUCCO," WHICH OPENED THE 1956 SEASON.



A SUPERB SETTING FOR THESE OPEN-AIR OPERATIC PRODUCTIONS: THE MAGNIFICENTLY PRESERVED ROMAN ARENA IN VERONA, WHICH SEATS 25,000.



THE BALLET COMPANY OF MILAN'S LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE DANCING IN THE LAST ACT OF THE 1957 PRODUCTION OF BIZET'S "CARMEN."



THE ARENA ON JULY 18, THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH OPERA SEASON AT VERONA, WHEN BELLINI'S "NORMA" WAS GIVEN.



A STRIKING SCENE FROM "NORMA": THE MOMENT WHEN ANITA CERQUETTI WAS SINGING THE CELEBRATED ARIA "CASTA DIVA."



A BRITISH SOPRANO IN THE 1957 VERONA PRODUCTION OF "CARMEN": MISS DARIA BAYAN, WHO IS ONLY THE SECOND BRITISH SOPRANO TO APPEAR IN THE ARENA FESTIVAL.

Photo: Denis de Marney.



WITH A LIFE-SIZE RECONSTRUCTION OF VENICE'S ST. MARK'S: A SCENE FROM "LA GIOCONDA."

One of the glories of the lovely north Italian city of Verona is its great Roman arena, which is in such a good state of preservation that it is still used for a great variety of performances, as it has been for the last eighteen centuries. In sending us these photographs Peter Dragadze writes: "In 1913 the Arena became the home of Italy's most splendid and spectacular open air opera season with an improvised series of performances of 'Aida' to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Giuseppe Verdi, and from that moment the public realised for the first time the beauty of grand opera under the stars and the moon. The attractions of the operas in the Arena are many—the

exceptional vastness of the building; the large public which often reaches a total of some 27,000; the huge casts, often with over 1000 in the choir and up to 2000 extras; the 180-strong orchestra; and the imposing scenic arrangements which do not consist of painted effects but of complete and full-size buildings, and the like. The greatest and most celebrated Italian opera stars have appeared in Verona, and the stars in the thirty-fifth season, which ends on August 24, include Giuseppe di Stefano, Renata Tebaldi, Antonietta Stella and Franco Corelli." The four 1957 productions in the arena of Verona are: "Norma," "Rigoletto," "Carmen" and "La Bohème."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

STORM AT SEA.

By J. C. TREWIN.

A COMEDY with music, staged lately in London—I have not seen it yet—is entitled "Meet Me By Moonlight." In my mind I have been calling it "Ill Met By Moonlight," an error the dramatists would probably find trying, and with reason. There are names and titles it is extremely difficult to get right. Speaking personally, it is pleasant to be, for ten days, in a part of the world where my own very simple name is pronounced correctly, though I notice that

of my favourite stage directions, "Enter Mariners wet"; and that "confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!—' 'We split, we split!—' 'Farewell my wife and children!—' 'Farewell, brother!—' 'We split, we split, we split!'" At this point in the storm when (Miranda speaks) "the sky . . . would pour down stinking pitch, but that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, dashes the fire out," my heart has been with Gonzalo who would give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground.

such a passage as this (Trincalo, spelt that way, is here promoted to Boatswain):

TRINCALO: Try the Pump, try the Pump!
Exit Ventoso.

Enter Mustacho at the other door.
MUSTACHO: O Master! Six foot water in Hold.
STEPHANO: Clap the Helm hard aboard! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-sheat there.

TRINCALO: Over-haul your fore-boling.
STEPHANO: Brace in the Lar-board. *(Exit.)*
TRINCALO: A curse upon this howling.

The last phrase is all but Shakespearean.

This piece led, in its turn, to "The Mock-Tempest; or, The Enchanted Castle," written by Thomas Duffett, which was produced in 1674 and annoyed Dryden (he wrote, years later: "The dullest scribblers some admirers found, And the 'Mock-Tempest' was a while renown'd"). The first scene, in a house of ill-fame, introduces Beantossier, Moustrappa, Drinkallup, Hectorio, and a variety of Wenches. And when the scene changes we are in Bridewell, with Prospero saying, "Miranda, where's your Sister?", and Miranda crying, "I left her on the Dust-Cart-top, gaping after the huge Noyse that went by."

I write here without other references, so all I can do is to let a series of sea-storms, "huge noyses," throb through the mind: the great third-act opening of "Pericles" (and I shall be sorry if the Old Vic, having done the Folio, does not admit this play to its programme next year); the storm over the Bohemian shore when Antigonus is killed by the bear; and the first Cyprus scene of "Othello," with those lines so often lost in howling:

The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole . . .

There are many other sea-storms—one raised, surprisingly, by Henry Arthur Jones in "The Tempter" when Tree appeared as the Devil—but nowadays a fashionable dramatist is likelier to prefer a verbal storm on land. It is easier to be angry in plays that do not distract the author's



A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, SET IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME OF 1884: "MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT" (ALDWYCH), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH MARY ELLEN (SONIA GRAHAM) IS HELPED INTO A CRINOLINE DRESS WITH THE AID OF STICKS.

operators at the up-country end of a long-distance telephone call stick with enthusiasm to their own rendering. Still, I have long ceased to storm about this—it is only once in five years or so that a plaintive murmur rises—and I have decided that my name, like those of the Stoll Theatre, Cyrano de Bergerac, and a brand of ball-point pen, is as inescapable a pitfall as the dismal hole into which the two sons crash in "Titus Andronicus." Certainly, the title of the new comedy will be among my own problems in the future, and I ask pardon in advance if anything should go wrong with it in print.

The wrong name, "Ill Met By Moonlight," suggests to me bad weather: the description of the dire events that followed Titania's quarrel with Oberon. This has set me thinking of storms, probably because nothing at the moment could be less welcome. There are occasions when a storm can be a selfish pleasure: when, say, you are watching snow as it drifts and sifts on a Christmas Day while you are in a cosy world of your own that needs merely a tug at the curtain to be insulated from all care. But, on holiday, a storm is never much fun, especially by the sea when at any time you may hear those maroons that summon the lifeboatmen to duty. (I heard them a day or two ago, but happily no disaster followed, and the sea is not thunder-lashed.)

It appears almost impossible, as one looks at it in the August noon, that the stretch of Cornish sea outside this window could ever change from "the dragon-green, the luminous" to rise in the full fury of storm. But I have known it to swirl towards high heaven. A hundred yards from here is the spot where, long ago, a Scandinavian barque, timber-loaded, crashed in ruin on the cliff-face, and the sea for many hours was a welter of foam and molten greenish-black water, scattered with splintering planks. Remembering that just now, I thought immediately of the greatest sea-storm in drama, the opening of "The Tempest" with its stage direction, "A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard"; the bawling of the Boatswain, and the courtiers' dismay; one

Harcourt Williams that the master of the vessel would infallibly have lost his certificate. And Masfield writes further, in his enchanting study of Shakespeare: "Someone has found in this scene evidence that Shakespeare had been a sailor. I can only find in it evidence that he never could have been a sailor, but certain evidence that he had lived in a seaport, and had seen (and heard) 'Jack ashore.' It is clear that the Boatswain saw the island and was trying to claw off-shore. No sailor would have let the ship strike without letting-go anchor, or at least, trying to."

I brought with me to Cornwall the extraordinary Davenant-Dryden version of "The Tempest," made in 1667 and called "The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island." It is this that gives to Miranda a sister to assist her, called Dorinda, and adds such characters as "Hippolito, one that never saw woman," "Mustacho, a mate," "Ventoso, a mariner," and Sycorax, who is now Caliban's sister. The first scene lengthens the storm appreciably. Stephano, who is the master of the vessel, says "Give the Pilot a Dram of the Bottle." Ventoso cries "My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar." And we have



WRITTEN BY THE YOUNG SPANISH POET-DRAMATIST, FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE CIVIL WAR: "YERMA" (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WHICH IS ABOUT A YOUNG SPANISH PEASANT WIFE WHO REMAINS WITHOUT CHILD. (L. TO R.) THE HUSBAND (EDGAR WREFORD), THE ADMIRER (JOHN CHURCH) AND YERMA (MADEIRA NICOL).

attention, and our own, with practicable sinking ships. Withdrawing for a moment from this oiled-silk southern sea, I find in my text of Summers's "Shakespeare Adaptations" these words from a Dryden preface: "'Tis more difficult to save than 'tis to kill: the Dagger and Cup of Poyson are always in Readiness." So they are, too often, in the current theatre. It will be a relief to meet at Stratford-upon-Avon the great sea-storm that blows itself out and allows the play to end with "calm seas, auspicious gales" and the benison of forgiveness.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TEMPEST" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Sir John Gielgud as Prospero, Alec Clunes as Caliban, and Doreen Aris as Miranda, in the fifth of the Festival plays. The director is Peter Brook. (August 13.)

SHAKESPEARE IN THE LEBANON: THE OLD VIC AT THE BAALBEK FESTIVAL.



USING THE RUINS OF THE ROMAN TEMPLE OF BACCHUS AS A STAGE: A SCENE FROM THE OLD VIC COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."



MISS MARGARET WHITING AS CLEOPATRA IN "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," WHICH WAS PRODUCED BY ROBERT HELPMANN.



THE OLD VIC'S PRODUCTION OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT BAALBEK: A SCENE WITH MISS BARBARA JEFFORD AS PORTIA AND MR. ROBERT HELPMANN AS SHYLOCK.

The second season of the Baalbek International Festival—held amid the imposing ruins of the ancient Heliopolis—was opened on July 25 with a gala performance of "The Merchant of Venice" by the Old Vic Company, which gave a further performance of this production by Michael Benthall and three performances of Robert Helpmann's production of "Antony and Cleopatra" in the first week of the Festival. Situated in the upland plain of the Bekaa, some fifty miles from the Lebanese capital of Beirut, Baalbek provides an ideal setting for this ambitious festival. In turn a centre of Baal worship, a Greek city and a Roman city, Baalbek is famed to-day for its superb ruins, which



A MAGNIFICENT SETTING FOR THE SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS PRODUCED AT BAALBEK: THE IMPOSING RUINS OF THE ROMAN TEMPLE OF BACCHUS.



IN A SETTING THAT COULD HARDLY BE BETTERED: ANOTHER SCENE FROM "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE BAALBEK FESTIVAL.

cover a large area. These are the remains of a series of temples built by the Romans during the first three centuries of the Christian era on an artificial acropolis, rising magnificently above the flat surrounding countryside. It was against the setting of one of these ruins—the Temple of Bacchus—that the Old Vic productions were staged. The Old Vic Company, whose visit was arranged in conjunction with the British Council, was followed at this Baalbek Festival by the Renaud-Barrault Company from Paris, and there was also to be a series of concerts by the Santa Cecilia Academy Symphony Orchestra of Rome. Plans for next year's programme are already under discussion.

RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA: NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



AS HE LEFT TELEVISION HOUSE: LORD ALTRINCHAM, WHO CRITICISED THE QUEEN, BEING SLAPPED IN THE FACE BY MR. BURBIDGE.



DURING A TELEVISED INTERVIEW ABOUT HIS CRITICISMS OF THE QUEEN: LORD ALTRINCHAM (RIGHT) WITH MR. ROBIN DAY, WHO QUESTIONED HIM.

Lord Altrincham, who criticised the Queen and the Court in an article in the *National and English Review*, which he edits, was interviewed on Independent Television about his views on August 6. As he left Television House he was slapped in the face by Philip Kinghorn Burbidge, said to be a member of the League of Empire Loyalists, who was next day later fined 20s. at Bow Street for insulting behaviour.



BEING LED AWAY BY THE POLICE AFTER HE HAD SLAPPED LORD ALTRINCHAM: MR. P. K. BURBIDGE, WHO WAS FINED FOR INSULTING BEHAVIOUR



AT OSTEND: HOLIDAYMAKERS AND OTHERS HELPING TO HAUL THE WRECKAGE OF A CRASHED PROCTOR AIRCRAFT OUT OF THE SEA.

A man and a woman from Thornton Heath, Surrey, were killed on August 4 when a four-seater Proctor aircraft from Croydon plunged into the sea off Ostend beach. The two survivors were Mrs. L. McIntyre, and the pilot, Mr. J. A. Longmore, also of Thornton Heath, who were unhurt.



IN A CAR PARK NEAR GUY'S HOSPITAL, LONDON: A PATIENT BEING TAKEN FROM A HELICOPTER WHICH HAD FLOWN HIM FROM IPSWICH.

A very ill patient was transferred from the East Suffolk Hospital, Ipswich, to Guy's Hospital, London, by an R.A.F. helicopter on August 2. A car park near Guy's was cleared and hospital sheets were used to form the letter "H" as a landing mark for the pilot.



AFTER ITS UNDERCARRIAGE HAD JAMMED: A B.O.A.C. CONSTELLATION AIRLINER WHICH MADE A SUCCESSFUL LANDING ON ONE WHEEL AT LONDON AIRPORT.



COVERED BY FOAM FROM FIRE-ENGINES AS SOON AS IT TOUCHED DOWN: THE SLIGHTLY DAMAGED CONSTELLATION AIRLINER.

A B.O.A.C. Constellation airliner carrying seventeen passengers made a successful landing on one wheel at London Airport on August 11 after it had circled for more than an hour with a defective undercarriage. No one was injured and there was no fire. The aircraft, from Singapore, was covered with foam by waiting fire engines the moment it landed.

HOME NEWS: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF ITEMS OF INTEREST IN BRITAIN.



NEAR STAINES, MIDDLESEX: A HEAD-ON CRASH BETWEEN AN ELECTRIC AND A STEAM TRAIN. THE SCENE AFTER THE CRASH.
Shortly after leaving Staines Station on August 9 an eight-coach electric train collided head-on with a steam engine and tender. Nine people were taken to hospital, but only five were detained, with light injuries. The two train drivers and the fireman were injured, but not gravely.



DRILLING FOR NATURAL GAS ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS: EXPERIMENTAL DRILLING EQUIPMENT SET UP NEAR WHITBY. A PATIENT SEARCH FOR NATURAL GAS IS BEING MADE IN YORKSHIRE, IN THE HOPE THAT GAS MAY BE FOUND FOR HEAT, LIGHT AND POWER PURPOSES IN LOCAL FACTORIES.



AFTER THE SEVERE RAIN AND THUNDERSTORM HAD STRUCK THE SCOUT JAMBOREE CAMP: BOY SCOUTS CLEARING A PATH.
During the night of August 5 the World Scout Jubilee Jamboree camp at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, was struck by a severe thunderstorm, accompanied by torrential rain. Scouts rapidly repaired the ravages of the storm and the camp soon returned to a normal programme the next day.

(Right.)
AT THE STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLEY: A GROUP TAKEN DURING THE ANNUAL SENIOR OFFICERS' CONFERENCE.

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, held his annual Senior Officers' Conference at the Staff College, Camberley, from August 7 to 9. The Conference had as its title "Forecast," and it was attended by senior officers of the Commonwealth fighting services and also by representatives of the Ministry of Defence, the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Treasury. The reorganisation of the British Army is believed to have been discussed. The New Zealand and Canadian Chiefs of General Staff were among the officers attending the Conference.



A STAR ATTRACTION AT THE LONDON ZOO: A BABY OCTOPUS, ONE OF SEVERAL IN THE AQUARIUM.
One of the great attractions in the Aquarium at the London Zoo are baby octopuses. Five have recently been brought from Madeira and are reported to be settling down well. They are fed on a diet of small crabs and shrimps.



TO BE CAPABLE OF RECEIVING TANKERS OF THE SUPER CLASS: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE NEW BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY OIL TANKER TERMINAL AT MILFORD HAVEN, PEMBROKESHIRE.
Legislation has recently been passed in Parliament which will enable the British Petroleum Company to construct a new oil tanker terminal at Milford Haven. The Esso Petroleum Company also have plans for development in the area. Milford Haven is one of the few sites not already in full use by big ships where the proposed new 100,000-ton oil tankers could be unloaded. The new tankers will enable oil to be brought round the Cape economically.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

FICTION, very properly, is like life itself; it has room for everything. One week, humanity may be represented by a group of survivors in Australia, admirable to the last man, and yet so dull that their sponsor can find nothing to do but liquidate them; a couple of weeks later, it appears as a clutch of nonsensical old fogies in a kind of period morgue, whom one would like to go on for ever. "The Club," by Andrew Graham (Macmillan; 15s.), has only the faintest pretensions to story-telling; it is, in fact, the anatomy of a "great," though not exclusive, London club after the last war. The True Blue Club was founded by "magnificent parvenus," just at the moment when "good taste, apparently, went out like a candle." That is, in the year 1840. Every feature of it, including the vulgarity, is outsize; for instance, the slightly enlarged Venus de Milo has a clock in her stomach. Yet it is a noble pile in its way, and at least the original effect was rich and startling. Since then, it has quietened down and silted up. The great-great-grandsons of the parvenus are "all right," to use their own phrase. They have as little taste as their forefathers, but different leanings—"The charm of this Club," says an aged admiral "is its Gloom." And anyhow, there are no means to repel the gloom. Vigour and prosperity have been running out; first the railway giants gave place to respectable old buffers, then came the Flood, and now poor old "professional clubmen" like Colonel de la Tauderie are glad to linger out an existence in the marble halls on a pound a day. Of course, the True Blue Club has always been very large and contained all sorts. But though it has still its wealthy men, in the twilight of stately homes it is a vast, struggling anachronism. And moreover, a house divided against itself: the Old Guard of the "all right" versus a new intake of "riff-raff" lacking the traditional thirst to be shown what's what.

In 1947, young Peter Grant is appointed Secretary. And one might call this an account of his tenure—but it is no such thing. Simply, it is all about the True Blue Club: its antecedents and aura, its customs, its public rooms, its pictures, cutlery and other impedimenta, plus a gallery of assorted regulars. It is a warm-hearted and amazingly funny book; without precisely laughing out loud, I was in constant giggles. But the humour can't be abstracted from the style, which is the thing itself.

OTHER FICTION.

"Thalia," by Frances Faviell (Cassell; 15s.), takes us back to the ordinary novel. This one is perhaps "more for women"—though not in any demeaning sense. The time is about twenty years ago, and both narrator and subject are very young. Rachel, the narrator, lives with an aunt, attends the Slade, and has embraced Akhenaten's creed of "Living in Truth." Ironically, by applying it to her portrait of the vicar and refusing to apologise she has done herself out of a convalescent trip to Egypt. Instead, she is to spend a year at Dinard with Mrs. Pemberton, as companion to her "difficult" girl Thalia. The Pembertons are an Indian Army family; and the chilling Cynthia is a beauty. So is the little boy Claude. But Thalia, at fifteen, is painfully plain and awkward, mousy and unhappy. She longs for India and her father—and in a short time loves Rachel to desperation. There are only three years between them, and Living in Truth, that eminently young idea, is just up her street. At the same time, she is in some ways more precocious than Rachel, and more awake to reality.

Then the older girl falls in love. And from that moment there is a landslide of truths, with the cruelly jealous, bitterly tenacious Thalia as the final victim. The drama is not perfectly digested; but it is copious and vivid, and convinces one that its ugly duckling has a streak of genius.

"Son of Darkness," by Evangeline Walton (Hutchinson; 15s.), is the historical romance of what may be called a viking misfit, in the days of Ethelred and Canute. Sweyn, the narrator, is the son of a Norse chieftain and a foreign "witch." Driven from home by treachery, he starts a new life in the household of a Danish princess by the Severn. The massacre of St. Brice's Day turns him into a "wolf." Then, after a ferocious avatar as "Black Thrym," ravaging for vengeance, he is converted by St. Alphege, and struggles on to a worthy and fairly happy ending. Vigorous and well-documented: not quite on the highest plane of imagination, but distinctly above the norm.

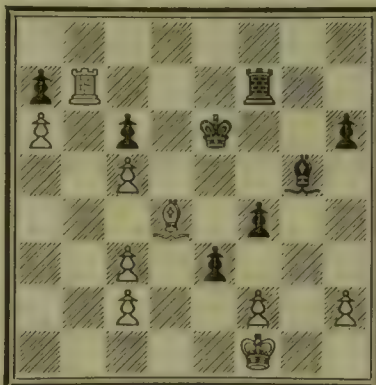
In "Harm Intended" (Secker and Warburg; 15s.), Richard Parker makes a happy return to his kids-and-crooks motif. Edward Hawks, with a wife and five children and a job in Margate, wins £30,000 in the pools just when a young crook, formerly of Margate, is there to hear of it. And when the lucky ones move to a new house in Devon, Reg, with his friend Charlie, is in pursuit. The utmost he has in mind is a spot of robbery with violence. It is only chance that sets him up as a kidnapper, first on false pretences, then in reality. Even so, the rôle is beyond his powers; but it is none the less ghastly for the Hawks, and dangerous to the little boy. Very good children: ingenious yet natural development.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

N. R. D. GRIFFITH certainly ran into some slap-stick situations in the open championship at Whitby. We gave one last week. Here is another:

N. R. D. GRIFFITH, Black.



P. GUILLAUME, White.

White here played:

35. B-K5! B-K2

Naturally, if 35... KxB; 36. R×R, whilst if 35... R×R?? 36. P×R, K×B, White's pawn queens.

And 36. B-Kt8 is threatened.

36. R×P!

A real surprise; the sacrifice is quite sound.

The theme is rather subtle; that, if Black captures the offered bishop, he leaves his own bishop pinned. He cannot thereafter cope with the troubles arising from this pin, coupled with the advance of White's QRP.

36... K×B
37. R-Kt7 K-K5

This move was sealed on adjournment. It has the advantage over any attempt to stop White's QRP that it sets a desperate trap into which White falls. Whatever Black plays he is lost unless White goes astray: e.g., 37... R-B1; 38. R×Bch, K-Q4; 39. P-R7, K×P; 40. R-QKt7, R-QR1 (forced by the threat of 41. R-QKt8), 41. P×P, P×P; 42. K-K2, K-B5; 43. K×P, K×P; 44. R-QB7, K×P; 45. R×Pch, K-QKt6; 46. R-R6 and whilst Black is laboriously attending to the QRP, the White king gobbles up the KRP: 46... K-Kt5; 47. K-B4, K-Kt4; 48. R-R1, K-Kt3; 49. K-Kt4, etc. All rather protracted but inexorable!

38. P-R7 K-B6

White should now have played 39. P×P after which 39... P×P; 40. R×B leaves Black without resource. Oblivious to all danger, however, he went

39. P-R8(Q) P-K7ch
40. K-K1 R-Kt2!!

Fantastic as it may appear, 40... B-R5! may also do the trick. I leave analysis to those who revel in it. Some of the variations, for your delectation (a) 41. R×R? B×Pch; 42. K-Q2, P-K8(Q)ch; 43. K-Q3, Q-K7 mate; (b) 41. R-Kt1, B×Pch; 42. K-Q2, R-Qch and wins; (c) 41. R-K7, B×Pch; 42. K-Q2, R×R; 43. Q×Pch, R-K5 and wins; (44. Q×Rch, K×Q; 45. K×P, B×P leaves a won ending); (d) 41. Q-K8, B×Pch; 42. K-Q2, P-K8(Q)ch; 43. Q×Q, B×Qch and 44... R×R.

41. R×B R-Kt8ch
42. K-Q2 R-Q8 mate

Possibly White had only considered 42... P-K8(Q)?

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IMPERIAL RUSSIA AND TWO BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

DISTINCTIONS between the "student of history" and the "general reader" are legitimate, if slightly depressing for the latter. I have often been diverted by the contortions of blurb-writers, tying themselves into confused knots as they attempt to assure both the savant and the ignoramus that some new historical work is bound to please everyone. Mr. Avrahm Yarmolinsky, author of "Road to Revolution" (Cassell; 25s.), despises this kind of sycophancy. His book is for the student, but he throws it, like a pearl, before what he firmly describes as the "common reader." So much for most of us. His blurb-writer hardly improves the situation by suggesting that we shall "appreciate the stories of revolutionary and terrorist activity—

the attempts at assassination, the abortive revolts, the planning of desperate measures for the overthrow of tyranny." Is "appreciate" the *mot juste*? I felt rather as though I had been sent to bed early, as befitted my tender and uninstructed years, with a pitying smile and copies of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." True, Mr. Yarmolinsky's book contains all the elements claimed on his behalf. For 369 pages, the thunder rolls, the blood pours—but romance is silent. He tells the story of the hundred years which preceded the Russian Revolution of 1917 and made it inevitable. It all began when the Empress Catherine was still on the throne. We meet Decembrists, Populists, anarchists, nihilists, members of secret societies, manufacturers of bombs, all the stock-in-trade (and the traders) of rebellion. It is a sad story, well and rather sadly told, and I did not "appreciate" it a bit.

All the romance is brought out in E. E. P. Tisdall's "The Dowager Empress" (Stanley Paul; 18s.). This book starts more or less where Mr. Yarmolinsky's ends, and deals with the doomed Court of St. Petersburg. The Empress was Marie Fedorovna, consort of the Czar Alexander III, and the mother of Nicholas II. She was known as the "Angel of Russia," but it is no disrespect to her memory to remark that some of her qualities were far from angelic. Already the members of the Russian Imperial family had become wan, dispirited, pathetic figures, as though they knew that they were about to vanish like wraiths from the pages of history. But the Dowager Empress had spirit enough for twenty. Indeed, she needed it. What is one to do with one's son, an Emperor of all the Russians, who mutters plaintively: "I would rather have Rasputin than Alicky (the Empress) in hysterics"? Nicholas II was helpless without his mother. She once said to an intimate friend: "If Nicky is not careful he will one day be saying 'That is for her Majesty to decide' to one of his Ministers!" That prophecy came true. Of course it all ended in disaster. Marie Fedorovna escaped to England, and died later in her native Denmark. "None doubted," writes Mr. Tisdall in this most touching and readable of biographies, "that with her passing went the last splendid figure of Old Russia."

Preoccupation with the past can take some very odd forms indeed, and that is why Dr. Milton L. Miller has called his psychoanalytic study of Marcel Proust "Nostalgia" (Gollancz; 21s.). It has always seemed to me that—although Freud himself set the fashion—any attempt to psychoanalyse the dead may lead the practitioner up some very unconvincing gum-trees. I therefore approach a book like Dr. Miller's with something rather stronger than reserve, and when I find a whole chapter given up to the dreams of a "Mr. X," whose symptoms are said to have closely resembled those of Proust, the scent of psychoanalytic rat becomes almost unbearable. The whole thing reminds me of the cult of Higher Criticism which prevailed fifty years ago, and which was so admirably exploded by Mgr. Ronald Knox in an essay which proved, according to the very best higher critical tenets, that Queen Victoria wrote "In Memoriam." Yet there is no doubt that Dr. Miller makes out his depressing case with great skill. As one might imagine, there were very few of the by-ways and blind alleys of emotion and sex down which Proust failed to blunder. The author's skill lies in his method of relating the characters in Proust's novels to the deviations of his private life, showing them to be projections of a warped unconscious. There will certainly be many readers who will, in the idiom of Mr.

Yarmolinsky's blurb-writer, "appreciate" this book. I myself am left wondering how anyone still has the courage to write a novel at all, knowing that his most innocent fantasies may be so unpleasantly revealing.

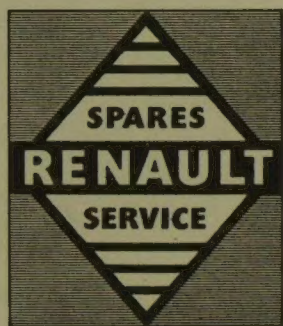
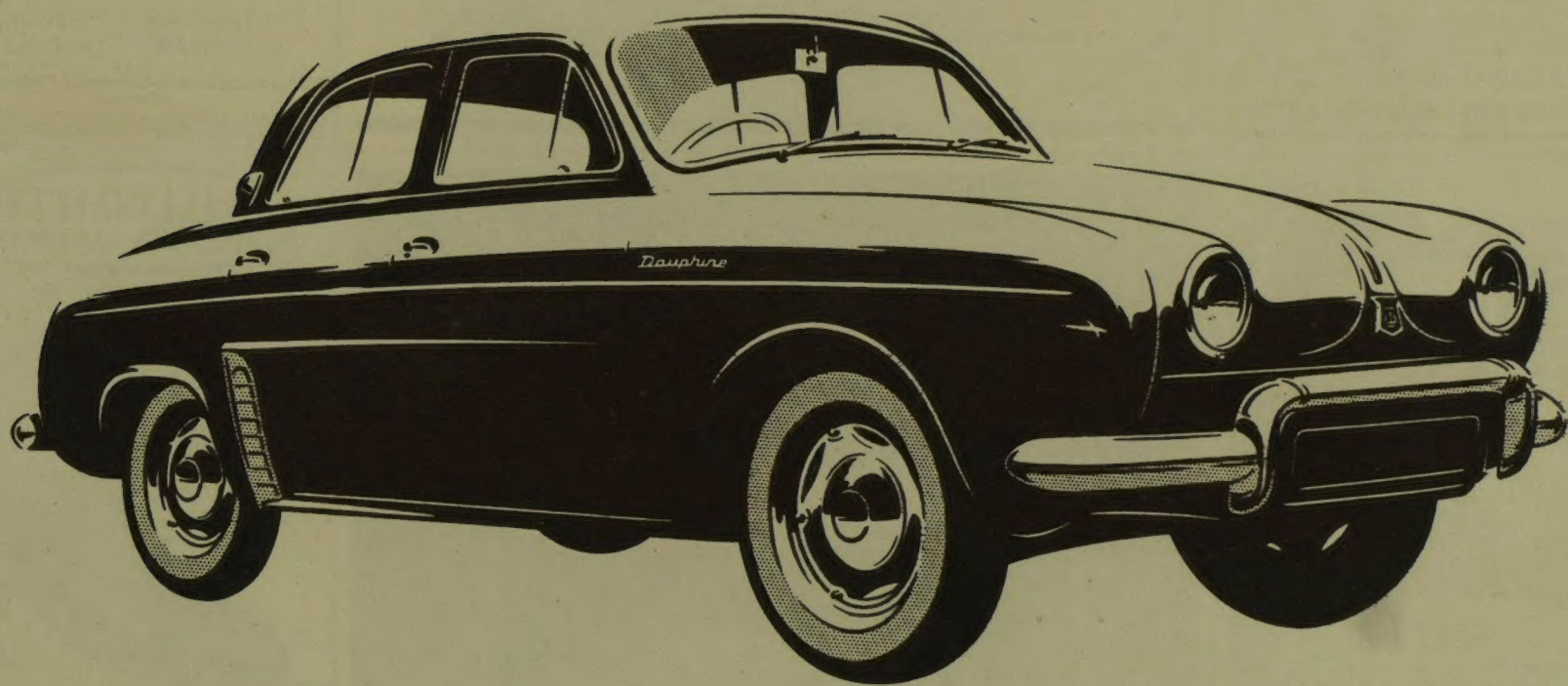
Actresses of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were not conspicuous for virtue, and Anne Oldfield followed the fashion. But, as Robert Gore-Browne shows in "Gay Was the Pit" (Reinhardt; 18s.), she had courage, gaiety, generosity, wisdom and wit. Her lovers were genuine lovers, not light-o'-loves. She was faithful to them, made them happy, and bore them children. As an actress, she worked hard for her triumphs. All the same, it is surprising that after her death she should have lain in state in the Jerusalem Chamber and been accorded an Abbey funeral. Mr. Gore-Browne writes of Anne with a whimsical affection which brings out all the delicacy which could sometimes be found in that indelicate period.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

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